

# CAVALCADE

OCTOBER, 1952. 1/6



HER FACE MADE HISTORY

— Page 4

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# Cavalcade

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

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# HER FACE MADE HISTORY

Behind her jewels of beauty and allure, Helen of Troy was a cruel, pitiless, designing hussy—a slave to evilish passion.



ONE hot summer morning more than 3,000 years ago, a tall, breath-taking, golden-haired beauty, who "seemed like a goddess and looked like a queen," was bathing in a quiet stream on the Aegean island of Rhodes.

Naked, she alit the dewy leaves away, striking splendid poses to admire the seductive curves of her voluptuous figure reflected in the clear still water.

Suddenly a crowd of determined-looking women appeared on the bank. Rough hands grabbed her out of the water and stared cruelly at her loveliness before they bound her to a tree. Then, like mad tauri, her captors danced wildly round her and took turns at strapping her slowly to death.

Thus did the loathsome Helen of Troy, over whom, for a decadent nation fought, other were need and

cowardly men and women were abid.

From childhood the name of Helen was famous throughout the Greek world. She handily righted her town, won the story, before kings, states and warlike decked in Athens to gaze on her—and to weep her.

Forcing the misery of these wretched visitors might dare not span conflict, her father, Tyndaris, declared she must wed. He called all the love-sick women together for the purpose of choosing the lucky man.

Before he announced his choice, Tyndaris loaded them with a sacred oath to abide honorably by her selection and defend in the death the right of the chosen husband, in undisturbed possession of the divine Helen.

Then Menelaus—the chief, heroic, and popular King of Sparta—was picked as Helen's husband. Triumphant he carried his blushing bride home to his palace.

More interested in war, the general and knowing that the necessary extraction of love, Menelaus, had but known it, had no hope of holding Helen. To his regret there came a visitor, who waited and won her behind his back.

His name was Paris, and he was the son of Priam, King of Troy, a rash and tempestuous city-state in Asia Minor. Paris was a handsome weakling. His soft blue eyes, pale, but quick, fleet and unashamed ardor caused Helen to fall in love as she had never done before.

Blind to the affair, Menelaus decided to go campaigning in Crete.

As soon as he was gone, Paris begged Helen to elope with him to Troy. Late the night, with a shipload of money and jewellery they had stolen from the palace, they set sail across the Aegean Sea.

When Menelaus heard of Helen's desertion, he hurried home. Through

Greece and adjacent islands, he went everywhere remanding the former masters of their sacred earth.

At the same time he informed King Priam in Troy how treacherously Paris had raped his legitimate and demanded that Helen be returned.

But there was wretchedness about Helen. Already her beauty had captivated not only Paris' brother, but his aged father as well.

"To hold this woman" it has been written, "they were prepared to furb the world to see their city smashed and their wives and children in misery."

Agamemnon, brother of Menelaus, was elected commander-in-chief of the Greek Army, which set sail from Asia about 1280 B.C. It did not return for ten years.

Meanwhile, in Troy, Paris had also been collecting his allies from various parts of Asia Minor and Proven. Under his son Hector, they worked on the charms for the invading Greeks.

The Trojans, however, were unable to prevent a landing. They were driven back over the narrow coastal plain onto the security of the city walls.

To end it over the years, the fortunes of battle favored. Under their great warner, Achilles, the Greeks captured and sacked the ill-protected cities of the Trojans' allies. But, thanks mainly to the untried generalship of Hector, the defenders were able to keep Troy itself unassimilated.

Then Achilles and Agamemnon quarreled in the Greek camp over a pretty little captive maid named Briseis, whom they both coveted. Forgoing his authority, Agamemnon declared that she should be his.

Achilles, who commanded the contingents from Thessaly and Illyria, thereupon withdrew all his troops

from the conflict. The Trojans, hearing the news, took heart, emerged from their city and drove the Greeks back to their ships.

Silently in his tent, Achilles was informed of the impending disaster by his friend and follower, Patroclus. Considering he gave him permission to join the fight, but he still refused to have any part in it himself.

Under Patroclus, Achilles' men saved the day. They took the Trojans on the flank and forced them to retreat again to the beleaguered city. At the gates, however, Hector rallied in the shortest and turned to face Patroclus, who had for outstripped his comrades in the ninth of the three.

Before Patroclus could raise his shield, Hector had thrown his spear unerringly into his breast. When Achilles heard that Patroclus had been slain, he drove his chariot to the gates of Troy and challenged Hector to fight.

In a deadly silence the two champions advanced to do battle. Achilles, warned of Hector's unceasing aim with the spear, was ready for them. Both clutched ferociously on his shield.

Hector knew he had to defend himself, but he had no hope now against Achilles' spear. One sure thrust from the Greek killed him dead in the dust.

But Achilles' turn was soon to come. The enormous Paris was no lighter, he knew he could not beat Achilles in combat, but he swore that he would kill him.

Day and night he waited on the wall.

At last came the chance he sought. He stood up, tilted an arrow to his bow and fired it straight and true to the heart—the heart of Achilles, driving mercilessly near the wall in his shield.

In the ninth year of the war, Paris himself was killed as he led a band of warriors on a foray outside the gates.

The death of Paris, the avenger who had caused the conflict, did not bring an end to Hostile Helen, fearful of what Menelaus might do to her now, turned her thoughts immediately over on King Priam's only remaining son, the youthful Diomedes.

War-wary but loyal, the Trojan citizens looked to Diomedes as the war went through a marriage ceremony a few days after Paris was buried.

The bewitched Diomedes then ordered them back to their posts. "The fight goes on!" he cried.

But the end was not far off. Troy was to fall within a year by the famous stratagem of the wooden horse.

The story is that the Greeks built a colossal hollow horse of wood, like a great Mastodon, and the picked fighters, armed to the teeth, then the opening at the side was closed and hoisted from within.

Leaving the horse unattended on the blood-splashed plain before the city, the rest of the Greeks broke camp, bared their ships and sailed away into the sea.

Rejoicing, the Trojans trooped out, believing the horse had been left as a peace offering to their pagan gods and that the war was at last over. With ropes they dragged it into the city.

That night, while they slept, the hidden Greeks crept out. They opened the sides to admit themselves of their soldiers, who had returned in the ships under cover of darkness.

Caught in their beds, the Trojans were helpless. All were slaughtered,

and their city was burned to the ground.

Menelaus burst in on Helen and Diomedes, slumbering peacefully in each other's arms. Before her eyes, he dismembered and impaled the covering Trojan boy.

Then, with vengeance in his heart, he turned to wrench the same prostration on her. She stood before him, beautiful and valiant in the dim light, and held out her arms in mute appeal.

Menelaus blood-stained sword fell to the ground beside the mutilated body of Diomedes. For ten years he had waited for this moment, debating how he would kill her.

Now he could but kill her and do with rough tenderness at the crocodile tears she turned on with practiced ease.

Back to Sparta Menelaus carried his wife. Back to their wives whom they had not seen for ten years went the other Greeks.

When Menelaus died, Helen again turned herself on trouble. He too dismembered her, by one of Helen's rivals, Helen, being welcomed by his queen, Polynice.

But in reality Polynice hated her. Like so many others, her husband had been killed on Helen's behalf before the walls of Troy. To a dozen or so of these widows, she sent a message. They came and passed a death sentence on Helen.

A few days later they arrived. It was in concert, morning and mortifying her fatal beauty with red poison and rage.





Robbe, murder, native death and buried treasure figure in the long turbulent history of this little-known Pacific isle.

## Golden Lure of Sawarrow

"We treasure you're visiting, I can tell you where to look. It is a small still, of course, in the tradition of treasure islands, and it would not be impossible, with modern equipment to turn the whole flat sandy expanse over."

These men, to my certain knowledge, have visited the island and even many richer for golden dollars, Mexican silver pesos, and Spanish ducatons—but the big prize is yet to be found.

The island is called Sawarrow. It lies squarely in the center of the world's biggest ocean, about equi-

distance from Australia and Hawaii, and 800 miles due east of Samoa.

Who put the treasure there? Nobody knows. Sawarrow was a sort of bank in the old days. For centuries it served as a halfway house for the Spanish galleons bringing from the Indies to the Strait of Magellan.

From then there was rumors about Sawarrow and its hidden hoard. And why Sawarrow? Look at the Pacific map, at the hundreds and thousands of other islands scattered in a broad swathe all the way from New Guinea to the Americas, and

ask yourself why none speaks of whispers of this particular 600 acres of sand and scrub.

Lieutenant Evans knew, but he told nobody. When, in 1882, the Yankee whaler *Gen. Lee* ran on its rocky reef, Evans headed the party from Tahiti which undertook the salvage of the previous cargo. He got it, too, every barrel of it, for this spot, natives now say was a favorite who knew the island. But then, with the oil aboard his ship, Evans announced that the real search would now begin.

Landings on Sawarrow, he banned himself with an old map and a compass. Finally he dugged the hold of a particularly tree and commanded his dicky crew to dig. But they did, for a full week, until they earned their skipper and themselves to drown tools. At length he shamed, checked his calculations, and selected another tree. Three hours later spades met an metal. A broken one-chain was hoisted up to the surface.

Evans had it carried off to the captain's cabin, and there, in the presence of other officers, he unashed the lock. Inside were 12,000 dollars in American gold. Evans was satisfied. He looked for no more treasures, and he told nobody the secret of how he came to be in possession of the map.

The old sailors and beach-combers of the island were sceptical of this find. Groggers were volved that Evans's map was really worthless, that he had surely been lucky in the very, basically that was Sawarrow. There were those who hinted darkly that, given a few drunks and passage in a ship, they would make a strike that would turn Evans green with envy.

Nobody believed beach-combers, even in those days—but when the next day more, it came from the same place—Tahiti. Louis Barnett, a young English trader, was waiting

for his ship to be refitted when he fell to thinking with a telescope at the desolate of the Tahiti beaches.

The sailing master's pitch was a familiar one. He knew exactly where the Sawarrow treasure was buried, but he was too old to bother with it himself. For a first, now...

Barnett may have been pallid, as he may have had plenty of money, but he bought another round and handed over the six pounds. The old man took pencil and paper, painstakenly drew a map of the island, and marked two crosses. Barnett shamed, perched the rag, and wrote the diver off to experience.

A few weeks later, however, his ship was passing Sawarrow. He got the map out, and was at once assured of the accuracy of the old man's drawing. He took the ship on to an anchorage which was said, with all leading marks, as the old man's spiky handwriting—said as his first trip ashore, he was able to go straight to the spot indicated by the last cross.

With growing impatience, he dashed over land down he unashed a small, sea-bound box. Inside were Mexican and Spanish coins worth about 500 dollars.

We can be sure that he made the shortest possible time to the location of the second cross. But here his luck changed. Dugout only brought him sand and more sand. Finally he gave the whole thing away, and sailed out of the port with a real profit on his original investment.

And this brings us to the weird story of all—the tale of the Circular Saw and the turtle's head.

In 1854 a family chaplain named Hadley Nathan Standish arrived at Sawarrow to establish a trading post for the New Zealanders from Hindersen and Maoris. This man, which had its headquarters in Auckland, was a famous trading com-

## FOUND OUT

Did you know that a bath sponge is a skeleton of something? At one time it was living—Thought, of course, it was a dumb thing. When first I heard the story, I frowned, and nearly blurted: A skeleton, of all things, I had within my disposal!

—WEISSEL

one of the junks. Its vessels carried the distinguishing mark of a large circular one, usually painted in black on the fore-deck.

Sterndale took his task very seriously. He found the island deserted, but could not be sure how long that state of affairs would exist. He would soon be sitting on a flourished stack of trade goods, and in those peaceful times there was no saying whether a visitor would be friendly.

In hopes about the island were large concrete and glass blocks—the sort which vessels for centuries have been carrying as ballast and dropping on a convenient beach as cargo become unusable. You will find them like scattered oil over the Pacific. Sterndale and his native boys managed them into the shape of a fort, which he armed well with spider webs.

The rest of 1873 and most of 1874 slipped by before trouble came—and then it came from New Zealand. The Circular Star owners became disenchanted with Sterndale's work, and were rather resentful of the fact that

he was more inclined to drink to them than receive orders.

Matters came suddenly to a head when a schooner appeared on the horizon with a Captain Fernandes, sent by the owners to replace Sterndale. That worthy had other ideas. He withdrew with his boys made the well-stocked fort, sealed up the exits with a heavy stone block or two, and opened fire on the schooner.

Fernandes replied in kind, and for upwards of a fortnight, fast and adrift, struggled resolutely. Sterndale had hardly ever been livelier—but not a great deal of damage was done. It became obvious that the schooner could do no more than keep her distance.

That was the situation when the bold Ryno arrived, with one Henry Mai aboard. Mai was one of the famous New Zealand fighting men of that period. Also, he was a friend of Sterndale, and his sympathies lay entirely with the beleaguered factor.

Henry Mai discussed matters with Sterndale, and ascertained conditions which the captain was prepared to accept in order that the dispute might be settled fairly. There was no easy way of putting these up to Sterndale, for by this time anyone attempting to sit fast on the island in daylight was likely to make contact with a musket-ball or a charge of grape.

Mai waited until darkness. Then, swinging himself ashore, he let himself quietly down the anchor chain of the Ryno and struck out for shore.

He worked his way slowly across the shadowy lagoon, using the island boulders. The long fading behind him, and there were no overhead shadows. To the cool water he was swimming so he felt the boulders sweep up under him. He sprawled for a moment in the shallows.

Then, just ahead of him on the beach, a black shadow rose. There

was a chunk of metal, and something bulky slid over the sand into the water nearby. He grasped with relief. A sword! But why that metallic noise?

He went to the turbulent, and examined it. An amazing sight met his eyes. The blade had dug a shallow hole—and uncovered a treasure. Spanish coins lay loose about a rusted box which fell apart in his hands. In it were more coins, jeweled and precious stones.

Mai was a man of action who believed in one job at a time. Selecting some pieces of eight and a couple of coins as souvenirs—nothing more than a handful in all, for he was naked—he released the rest of the treasure at the foot of a tree. He had to do this with his bare hands, of course, but it was only going to be for a little while. Then he went on to the fort.

Sterndale witnessed him, and also his proposals for a peaceful settlement. He also witnessed the story of the discovery. The following day a truce was made, and all parties returned to Auckland to put the matter before the Courts. Considering the fact that tempers were running high on the two ships, Mai and Sterndale decided to keep it themselves the news of the find. It was no time for complications.

As it happened, neither of them would ever set foot on Sterndale again. Mai was killed by natives in the New Hebrides. Sterndale died in America. All that remains of that strange enterprise, and of Henry Mai's amazing stroke of fortune, is his sword of souvenir. If you are interested enough to contact the Mai family, of Auckland, you may be allowed to see the sword and the relevant papers relating to their discovery.

That is the best I can do for you

another treasure—unknown. Henry Mai's little cache should be easy enough to find. It should be beneath a tree, close to the water's edge, and probably somewhere on a sand bar between the normal seashore and the rocks of Sterndale's fort. And it should not be very deep.

As for the rest—has it occurred to you that nothing over so remote as a mere doctor has been said on Sorenson? Supposing you landed there with one—nothing elaborate, just one of those Polynesian things like a map with numbers—what chance would you have? Well, the island is only six hundred miles overall, and a lot of that could be washed out as unlikely. And these other treasures were in sand or rock-bound boxes?

Feel the need of a fourth New Zealand holiday? The flying boats can be booked now, and Sorenson is just five hundred miles away.



# ALL FOR FREE

An Australian visitor finds how to spend a pleasant, inexpensive but rather bohemian evening in the nightclubs of Paris.



BETTY NESBIT

THERE were six of us around the slow-slopped table in the Deau-Moulin at the corner of St. Germain-des-Prés, where Excentricians just raised its wine to 2,000 francs (about under \$11 Australian), we should have been sitting in a much less red-plushy cult drinking our afternoon coffee.

But we liked the Deau-Moulin, particularly the two gleaming Chinese figures in the middle of the room which gave the place its name. After all, the coffee wasn't that much more expensive.

Our conversation was concentrated on how far 2,000 francs would go in

taking us on a modest tour of the Parisian "bistro de nuit." (We call them night clubs, the French call them "night bistro.")

"Not very far," we said gleefully.

It was our last night in Paris. We had proudly paid our hotel bill and we had been wise enough to leave money for our bus fare to the station in the morning as an emergency, together with our return tickets to London, under the carpets in our rooms.

So there we were, with the two rather battered, pinkish 1,800 franc notes lying on the table in front of us. We looked at them hard, as if the looking might change them into

2,000 francs, enough to go somewhere.

Of course, for 2,000 we could sit around and drink beer, but we wanted something a little more spectacular to finish off our week's holiday in Paris.

It was Johnny who got the bright idea.

"The will take a serious amount of what the French call 'big bread,'" he said, "but it might work. Now, where do we want to go to first?"

We decided on "Le Moulin." This "quiet" little bistro in a back street of Montparnasse is a little out of the ordinary. Most of the regular clientele are girls, both young and middle-aged, who spend their nights drinking and dancing together.

"Well," said Johnny, "that is the bistro. Le Moulin! The most of these night clubs, only serve drinks. We go in, hold an arm, and sit down until a gavroche comes over for our order. While we are sitting there the idea is to get us to look at the place and 'la girl' as we can. For free! It isn't out anything to look. We might even have time for a quick two-step."

"When the waiter comes over, ill under dinner. We're all very hungry and . . ." He lowered his voice so that the people at the next table couldn't hear. "After all, everyone can't go around doing the sort of thing. Once the idea gets around, there won't be any profit left in the night club business."

It worked out all right, better than we had, as were anxious, expected.

We took the Metro to Montparnasse and, after stumbling around a couple of little streets, found a lighted doorway with the words "Le Moulin" gleaming in neon. Not a very impressive location for a very famous place.

We went through the doorway,

pushing aside the heavy curtain which hung in front of it. The room was certainly a "bistro"—not much bigger than a packing case. There was a bar in the corner near the entrance, and there were tables with banquette on one side. We spotted an empty table at the end of the room.

However, in patience, paid off as we were soon to spot for the happy thousands of francs. For all she knew, we had.

Madame wore her hair cut short. She dressed in a razzmatazz black skirt, well cut jacket, white shirt and black tie. She smoked her cigarette (American) in a long black holder.

"Americana?" she asked. "Americana?" we said briefly, our eyes darting around as if on search. At first we were having a look!

Before Madame could ask us what we would like, Johnny had pushed my hand and was leading us out on to the dance floor.

The other couples without exception, were all women. All trim—tall and short, plump and skinny, blonde and brownish, attractive and not so attractive—they were dancing dreamily, cheek to cheek, to the slow, languorous music.

Eventually the music stopped, and there was nothing for us to do but return to our table. A little apprehension now at the enormous bill of our place, we made our way back across the floor. Every eye in the place seemed on us.

Only Johnny had lost his confidence. "There's nothing to it," he whispered. "Let's everything to it."

A smiling waiter who, days before us, was rubbing his hands expectantly at the prospect of selling the tourists some of the more expensive liquor snarled for them.

"We're very hungry," Johnny announced. "What do you suggest?" Now

**WOMAN** is a disease and a perverse creature. You may call her a kitten, but you must not call her a cat; you may call her a mouse, but you must not call her a rat; you may call her a shadow, but you must not call her a ghost; you may call her a goose, you may call her a swan, but you must not call her a night.

door as Max, in a rather sideways fashion as we eagerly left our last long, last dinner.

Johnny waved a cheery hand as Madame "Sorry, don't stay. No food. Please leave now."

Madame did not reply.

We looked at the two other bodies in the same street, both of them mounted drivers, or men from the doorway. We didn't bother to go on and all down there.

We took the Metro back to St Germain and decided to try our luck at a peak point in the Rue de Berri. This was in a cellar, as are a good few restaurants on the Left Bank, and we could hardly see through the smoke haze.

We were lucky enough to be just in time to see the volatile Pierre Jacquot, one of Paris' best young bell boys. They were doing their famous song, "General Cartouge," a gentle satire on the military man. The General was a fine-riding Maxixe, always boasting about his fighting prowess; but when the war came he was all in bed with influenza and died. He was, of course, buried with full military honours!

Fortunately, the general didn't get served to our table until the song was over. He wasn't so easy to deal with, but Johnny made it quite clear that we were terrible hungry and hadn't enough money to eat and drink, so we really would long to leave at once, and find a cheap restaurant.

The general said he would call the bill, but Johnny pressed 20 francs into his hot little hand, and we left, without trouble.

At the next stop, "Picard du Mail," things almost got out of control. Johnny gave our usual order, "Three chicken for pls?" He was a little distract, since he was busy watching the floor show of beautiful girls with

big leaves in different spots (every girl did the leaves), dancing to the tune of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."

"No roast chicken," said the general.

Johnny wouldn't answer for the moment. One of the girls had slipped dead in front of him, and was gently perching him on the check.

"No roast chicken," repeated the general.

This was our cue; we knew it now. With well-rehearsed precision we stood up.

"Au revoir, Madame, Madame," pleaded the general. "I serve you cold chicken with salad."

We knew where we stood, but not for long. Before he could start off to the kitchen, Johnny gave off of his knife and struck his hand.

"Oh no, must be hot!"

"Cold," insisted the general.

"Hot," said Johnny, handing him 24 francs and shooing him out to the door.

This experience as measured on we had to spend some money in a small bar next door buying ourselves a couple of beers.

But we hadn't done too badly, we paid probably just the cost of our fare in the Metro and tips. Of course, we hadn't stayed as long as them as we would have liked, but you can't have everything.

We had some more beers and spent the last of the 2,000 francs on two taxi back to the hotel.

The concierge sleepily took down our keys from the board and added in if we had enjoyed ourselves.

"Ah, ah," said she reproachfully, striking her hand at us. "You Americans. I know you, spending all your money in these holes to read!"



about some roast breast of chicken?"

Still smiling, the waiter politely emphasized the qualities of a very nice brand of champagne.

Just as pointedly, Johnny repeated we were hungry and wanted food—without delay.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders and went off in search of Madame to solve the problem.

He would have to explain to these untrained Americans that no food is served here: only drinks.

The cost of the drink, he always the same price, covers your night in the "hosto." You need only buy one drink, or you may have as many as you want. As we weren't having any at all, it was hardly a question with us.

Before Madame could get served to us, Johnny and I were pushing our way out towards the door, calling to the others.

"No good staying here," says Johnny laffily. "Nothing is hot. We'll have to find a restaurant."

Our little party moved out of the

# WHO WAS QUALTROUGH?

J. W. HEMING



Illustration by G. W. Thompson

**Mrs. JULIA WALLACE** lay on the floor of the front room of her home in Waterloo Street, Richmond Park, in the English city of Liverpool.

The paw glow of the match held by her husband was enough to show that she had been brutally murdered. The left side of the head was badly battered above the ear. From the wound, brain substance and bone were protruding.

The killer must have dealt the many blows in a frenzy. The first blow above the left ear was sufficient to kill, but the murderer had

struck her more than a dozen blows over the head, and even in pieces seven feet up the wall. Both the woman was her husband's bloodstained masterpiece, partly buried.

Thus, on January 26, 1952, rose the curtain on one of the gravest tragedies in the annals of English crime.

William Herbert Wallace, the dead woman's husband, hurried from the house and told two neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, that his wife had been murdered. The three went back into the house, lit the lights, and

Wallace asked Mr. Johnston to go for the police and a doctor.

Wallace had been in another part of Liverpool, as a result of a phone message to the Central Chess Club—made from a phone box near his home by a "Mr. Qualthrough." He had found the back door of the house unlocked on his return and had then discovered the body of his wife.

Wallace was fifty-two, an insurance agent. Dapper, bespectacled, kindly, he was a typical respected insurance agent. He had a very good character, both in his work and his private life, while his domestic life was known to be peaceful.

Wallace and his wife, who was the same age, had been married eighteen years. They had no children, and their hobby was chess. He liked to play chess and was a member of the Central Chess Club which met at the City Cafe, in North John Street, once a fortnight.

The district in which they lived was a quiet one, although there had recently been about twenty robberies in the vicinity of their home, the burglars entering the houses with skeleton keys.

On January 26, 1952, on Monday, at about 11:30 p.m., a man who gave his name as Qualthrough, rang the Chess Club and asked for Wallace. The captain of the club, Mr. Easton, who had by then escaped the voice, answered the phone and said Mr. Wallace was not in the club.

The caller said he wanted Mr. Wallace to call at his address, 26 Waterloo Gardens Lane, the following night at 11:30, regarding some new insurance business. When Wallace arrived at the club later on the night, he was given the message. He said he did not know the name of the man or the street, but would naturally go after the business.

The next night, having finished

work, Wallace arrived home at five minutes past six, had his dinner with his wife, who was her normal self, and left the house at a quarter to seven to visit Mr. Qualthrough. The local milkman, Chest, had delivered milk to Mrs. Wallace as usual, at about 11:30. It might have been later.

Wallace went on his search and found, after many inquiries, that there was no such place as Waterloo Gardens Lane. There was a Waterloo Avenue, which Wallace knew, having taken many lessons there, but no such place as that given by the mysterious phone caller.

Wallace returned home. He found the front door would not open to his key. It was then a quarter to nine. He went round the back and could not open the back door. He knocked loudly on both doors.

His neighbour, the Johnstons, were just leaving their house. He told them his predicament and asked them to wait while he tried the back door again. This time he had no trouble, and he searched the house until he found his wife's body.

The natural suspicion was that the crime had been committed by burglars in quest of money collected during the day from insurance. However, there didn't happen to be much. Four pounds had been taken from the kitchen, but was later found thrown into a vase in the front bicycle room. The notes were undivided.

Mrs. Wallace was wearing some articles of jewellery, but nothing appeared to be stolen. This rather upset the theory of robbery as the motive. What other motive could there be? Mrs. Wallace hadn't an enemy in the world and her husband had no mother. She was not herself inclined or wealthy; he had never been known to make a pass at another woman; he was not a violent man, his accounts were in order;

## CHARLES FELDMAN and

Mr. Alexander Korda played his robbery one night and Wallace lost. The following morning he sent a cheque, written in red ink, and a note: "You see that the cheque is written in blood?" At a subsequent game, Korda lost. When Feldman received his cheque, it was red ink, but this time: "This is also written in blood, but note the difference in colour."

he had money in the bank and he and his wife were known to have lived on excellent terms.

Nevertheless, the police arrested William Herbert Wallace.

There had been no struggle or struggle in the house, making it look probable that the killer was known to Mrs. Wallace. He had struck her down suddenly with an iron bar known to be kept in the fireplace but never missing.

The police said that this scenario was Wallace. To explain the absence of blood on his clothes, they said he must have stripped naked, cleaned his mackintosh, struck the blow, played the blood-spattered mackintosh bands the woman's body, and at night cleaned what blood might have landed on his feet or body, dressed again and gone out.

As Wallace was seen to board a train at 7:30, a quarter-mile-long's walk from his house, and Mrs. Wallace had been seen alive about exactly by the milk man, then Wallace must have moved quickly to have

done all that—as well as disengaging the bedroom as though a search had been made there for money.

The prosecution alleged that Wallace had made the phone call himself. It was proved that he was not at home when it was made, and he was not in the club. Yet Mr. Justice, who knew his voice well, had failed to recognize it. The police said that Wallace had made the call to rouse himself at night, committed the murder, then rode to the district where Mr. Quelchough was supposed to live, advertising his search to draw attention to himself.

Wallace was tried at Liverpool Assizes on April 22. He pleaded "Not guilty." Mr. E. G. Halsbury, K.C., and Rostron for Liverpool, led for the prosecution, and Mr. Robert Oliver, K.C., led for the defense.

Mr. Oliver emphasized that there was not the slightest proof that Wallace had sent the telephone message. He pointed out that the conflicting medical evidence seemed to fit Mrs. Wallace's death at 1 o'clock, when Wallace could not possibly have committed the crime.

Wallace's defense had been noted. Mr. Oliver pointed out that some persons are naturally adverse to "taking a stand."

"Is there no such thing as the calmness of innocence?" he asked. "Did you bring him presents? Did you not bring the framework of his innocence? You know what his friends thought about him, you know his life for fifty-two years, you know his devotion up to this point. Are you going to convert this man? Has the case been proved against him?"

Mr. Justice Wright summed up in favor of the defense. He wrote it down that the jury could not safely convict with such a lack of proof.

The jury retired for an hour. It was the fourth day of the trial. When

they returned they delivered a verdict which struck everyone dumb. It was "Guilty!"

The judge said nothing about consulting with the verdict when he sentenced Wallace to death. Wallace said, "I am not guilty. I don't want to say anything else."

Nevertheless, Wallace appealed. The Court of Appeal had then been in existence for 24 years, but at that time it had only freed one man under sentence of death—a man named Charles Elkins, who was con-

demned for the murder of a woman in Soho, in September, 1931.

The Court of Appeal passed the belt of freedom a second time in the Wallace case. It quashed the verdict of the jury and Wallace was released.

Twenty-one years have passed since that trial, but the murderer of Mrs. Julia Wallace has never been found. Before the Court of Criminal Appeal was founded, Wallace would have been hanged on the jury's verdict.

Who really did kill Mrs. Wallace? Who was the mysterious Quelchough?

## Vanishing Ash Trays

By CHUTAS WILLIAMS





# DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

MERVYN ANDREWS

Vicious Rocky Whelan was one of Tasmania's most notorious.

GRANNY MOUNTAIN sat at the bottom end of the table. It was of old-fashioned type with wide drop sides. The son was at the top end, a squat, rascally charcoal burner. His hands found space at the board in a stool with their backs to the wall.

A hoisted step sounded outside the hut. It was isolated, a pioneering pack in the bush of Devils Den beyond a saddle in the lower slopes of Mount Wellington, up a long valley leading from Sandy Bay, sea of Hobart, Tasmania.

Granny's eyes gave silent order,

The children beat their hands over their plates, pretending to eat, on the strength of their mother.

Mountain rose from his stool to move in ungainly strides to the door.

It opened to allow the towering plow of the fellow down to shed a golden bar over the face of Constable Fenn.

The charcoal burner gave gruff greeting then stepped back quickly so as to remove himself from between the door and the table.

Fenn nodded. "Rocky Whelan's been seen prowling through the galleries that way. I thought I'd best warn you." Casually he added,

"You're not seen him, I suppose?"

"The dirty, murderous blackguard, and?"

Fenn took that as a negative to his question. He addressed the man. "Best carry a lantern when you go round your den at night. I'd hate to shoot you in mistake for Rocky, like I nearly did last time I turned him down the way."

Mountain bristled; it crept with nervousness and was without humor. "That was close. I just called out at time."

"You. Well—" The constable's eyes leaped over the food on the table. A morsel enough there, but it was a long trip back to Hobart Town. He sighed suddenly. Grannum was not notoriously慷慨. "Keep a good look out for Whelan and report if you see him."

Mountain stood near the open door, listening intently until the policeman's footsteps faded into the night. At Grannum's end of satisfaction, he closed the door, dropping the bar in place.

"Come out we! finish eating," Rocky.

Grannum snarled.

The lowered oak-chip table and a bugged-eyed man crawled from under the table. As he struggled up, he uncocked a pistol carefully before dropping it in his belt. Throughout the interview it had been aimed from under the table straight at the policeman's heart.

It could have been him, Grannum, that caused this heartily, living as an isolated hermit in dense bush, to give food, sustenance, and protection to Rocky Whelan. Rocky was an outlaw who could kill—and had in fact killed—men for purposes.

Nowhere in the records of Australian crime can there be found a tally of cold-blooded murders in as short a time as that confessed to later by John (known as Rocky)

Whelan, bushranger and killer.

In a reign of terror lasting less than three months Rocky committed five murders of the most cold-blooded and brutal type.

His names in Tasmania bushranging-like Martin Cash, Hawe, and Bloody—overhauled Whelan. He was among the last of a wild era that the vigorous convict system pacified.

Like Cash, Whelan came from Stocked, Ireland. Cash knew him in a bar, and this was the "Devil's hole of the Austral Seas." Martin Rocky spent nearly thirty years on that country hell on earth.

Colonial, he had been, bushrained, Rocky Whelan was sent originally to Port Arthur to serve a "rehabilitator" period to fit him for release on the criminality of the time. After eighteen months, with a number of other old boys—contemporarily referred to as "Front's tamed savages"—he was let loose on the bushranging streets of Hobart Town.

Shortly afterwards, an elderly man named Apild dismissed his driver, deciding to walk up a hill on the Brown River-North West Bay road. A trap driven by a man named Rogers passed him on the way, and the two men exchanged epithets. Apild did not reach the hill top; he met Whelan.

Rocky presented a cocked pistol, ordering Apild into the bush. At the start of his short career as a highwayman the confined man had deportation almost exclusively to this form of crime. Rocky had apparently adopted the principle that dead men could bear no testimony. He knew not Apild's brutal tactics without him.

Shortly after this tragedy, a young sheep-shearer named Dunn, having completed some bushwork in Hobart, left to return to Franklin. He did not return home. At night past, Rocky tracked him into the bush.

## LAST WILLABLE

Matrimony is never dullness' rule.  
The parrot's lightning by a blissful sun—  
But quite expensive for the doting man.  
Who showers gifts upon his darling Dame  
Then comes the CEREMONY, gifts again,  
And dues, which are the bridegroom's oblation—  
Impenitent matrimony, and the organ's notes,  
Make him (poor tom) forget his long abstinence,  
It may be quite O.K. Though dear in price,  
In MATRIMONY many a husband wavers;  
But sometimes there will come a big-voiced wife—  
Dowry clauses, and ALIMONY follows.  
Through all these stages of a husband's life,  
There is no doubt — it's really rather funny  
(Though not for him)—that all the blessed time,  
From first to last, the accent is on MONEY.

—WEASEL

He wounded him in the hand, then battered him to death with the butt of the pistol.

Dane's widow named an alarm when her husband failed to reach home. The resultant search discovered Agoff's body. Dane was not found until after Rocky had vanished on the night before his execution.

Whalen was suspected of Agoff's murder, and a reward was offered for his arrest. But Rocky had taken to the wild country frontier Mount Wellington. He found shelter with the Mountain family, whether by remaining there or because of their sympathies, none can say. The authorities gave them the benefit of any doubt. His hide-out, however, was in a cave in Precious Road Gully, a mile beyond Devil's Den.

Despite the trea and art, Whalen still proved—a loss, but nevertheless

wolf. An elderly man near Ragle, a young man on the Wauhatchie road, and a lad near Cleveland, all fell victim to his pistol. One crime netted him four dollars, while another returned the miserable sum of four cents.

Three days after the Cleveland killing, it was discovered that Whalen was in Hobart Town. Police were alerted to search the town. Rocky was located in the Raglehawk (now the Commercial) Hotel. He submitted to arrest without any dramatic struggle.

It might be thought that the circumstantiality of evidence unsupported by strong corroborative evidence, would provide the prosecution with a case that any defendant counsel would welcome as a dream. Ragle, however, had made one exception to his inviolable rule that dead men tell no tales.

Shortly before the Cleveland kill-

ing Whalen booked up a man named Taylor on the Raglebird Hotel, close to the spot where he had made his third acknowledged killing. Taylor knew the assassin.

"There's no need to shoot me, Rocky. Here's all my money."

Answer came from an anxious jerk at the pistol. Whalen emphasized it: "Get out of your vest and march into the back house over your head."

The victim complied with the order, of necessity, backed by a cracked gun. He marched into the back with his hands clenched with fear and the sweat of terror seeping from every pore of his body, but he remained in position. He even attempted a feeble joke.

"I know you don't want to shoot me, Rocky. But that pistol says: a right go off."

To all of which Whalen replied doggedly: "Keep your hands up and keep on walking."

Everybody, however, Whalen was induced to relate. The victim will-

ingly handed over all of his money, and he made certain now that, if Rocky spared his life, not one word of the incident would ever be mentioned to any living person.

A solemn process! Perhaps it should have been kept, but there were other lonely travellers along the roads, and a mad, lone wolf with thoughts only of murder in his blood-hound trail was on the prowl through the back roads around Hobart Town.

Taylor returned post haste to the settlement and informed the police. There were more than enough now to locate Rocky Whalen, an armed desperado, threatening death to his victims, no other proof was needed that he was a killing wolf.

Dead men tell no tales! Early in 1888 in the old Imperial Hotel, one of the last three men to die there, the one exception to his ruthless rule brought death at the end of a rope to Rocky Whalen.



# he chose INSANITY



In a wild basement-cell at Arles, an ex-stockbroker from Paris fled an ex-minister from Holland. They were quarreling, as they had quarreled intermittently for weeks, nothing knowing exactly why.

It was the winter of 1888, and they were both comparatively young, young enough to live for another twenty years, to have their names spoken with awe in every city in Europe.

But, of course, they didn't live that long.

The Dutchman suddenly dashed his wife into the Frenchman's face.

28 CAVIACADE, October, 1952

LESTER WAY

In his wild, beautiful, colored art Vincent van Gogh tried to express the tumult of emotion that was in him.

The Dutchman was loud, trebbling with rage. After the wine, he threw the wine-glass, then, as suddenly, fell across the table sobbing.

And the ex-stockbroker tried his tenderness in his arms and carried him out of the cell, to a house on the outskirts of Arles that was painted a bright sunflower yellow.

The Dutchman had chosen yellow because it was the colour of sunlight, because sunlight and all the daughter shades it evoked—excited his passions and kept him in a fever of irritation.

His name was Vincent van Gogh. The friend who carried him home that night was Eugene-Henri-Gustave Geugan.

A few years later, Geugan was in fields off his lot in Tahiti, after having used up all his savings and all his paint, after having made more paint from dried peacock and used them to cover every available wall with masterpieces.

Geugan was the guest of van Gogh in the yellow house, severely invited because Geugan had been literally starving in Paris. The Dutchman, on the other hand, received a large summe from his brother.

It was to be the start of something bigger, of an artist's conser-

vation, the yield. Van Gogh and Geugan were to work together for a time and, as they could, bring another, and then another, unorganized genius to share the yellow house.

It was van Gogh's idea. Maybe it was a good idea, but it ended with the crash of that wine-glass. Geugan couldn't resist telling van Gogh how he painted, and van Gogh couldn't hide his sarcasm.

Quarreling constantly, working feverishly, and drinking—*he made a bad master*. Van Gogh's career went. In the night when he wrote the worse, his reason snapped.

Van Gogh was severely reprimanded on the following day. He apologized, and the two men worked on their portraits until darkness stopped them. They didn't go to the cell. Instead, Geugan went for a walk.

The streets of Arles were narrow. In 1888, they had no lights, and, as Geugan walked, he began to hear a soft padding of feet behind him.

He turned, and was able to recognize Vincent van Gogh only a few feet away. The man's eyes, his manner, warned Geugan that he was facing a raving lunatic. Van Gogh snarled at him, and dull logic glinted on the blade of an open razor.

"Vincent!" Geugan rapped the name sharply. "What's wrong with you? Do you want to murder me?"

Van Gogh snarled the name aloud and had it behind him. He moved away, walking backward, then turned and, with an ungracious gait, ran into the darkness.

Geugan didn't return to the yellow house that night, but went to an inn. He thought that van Gogh's overstrained nerves would settle, that in the morning, he would find him normal again—as normal as Vincent van Gogh ever was.

As a youth, he had been launched,

eventually, into what promised to become a successful career as architect. He did show aptitude for the business, without showing any interest in the possibilities he had. Then he abruptly lost interest, and decided to become a minister of religion.

He actually entered a theological college, but he was too impatient for painstaking study. Besides, there cleared halls of learning purred. On van Gogh's request, the church sent him among the masses of the black-hat of Belgium as a missionary.

He took his mission so seriously that he embarrassed his superiors.

He stripped the very clothes from his own body to cover the masses, then made more for himself out of old socks; he slept on the ground, he went without food for long periods to feed the poor, till he was more starved than they were.

Van Gogh went a step further. He took a sack basket to his room, stashed her, let her while he himself starved, even planned to marry her to "earn her from misery."

That was the crash. The church disowned him; his own family washed their hands of him, his small inheritance was stopped, and he was stripped of his status as minister.

That broke van Gogh's spirit as his health was already broken. A visible of support began to come from his younger brother and, as an escape from misery, van Gogh began to paint. He went to Paris.

But Vincent van Gogh had to have something in which he could lose himself, to which he could give himself as completely as he had given himself to the Belgian masses. It was not to be found in the art, or science, or art hospitals of Montmartre, so he went south.

There was something in the quality

THOMAS HUXLEY, the pale, narrow evolutionist, had a remarkably developed power of concentration. Once, as the butler, he continued to sit in the chair after his hour had been out. The butler noticed him quietly and asked, "Alas, sir?" Sitting up, Huxley said, "Certainly not. I am very over-anxious. When I reviewed my plans, I was so eager this to see myself as the master again. Naturally I supposed that I had already gone home."

of the sunlight, is the colour of the fields, in the gutter lots of the peasants, that caught him up as he tended to be caught up.

Almost overnight, he slipped into a grave. For nine months he painted, painted, painted. He completed more canvases in that time than most artists can complete in ten years, all recognition disappears today, such worth a fortune to any collector.

In this mood of excited schizophrenia he sent for Gauguin, and they worked feverishly together until the squabbles brought van Gogh to mental collapse. But behind the squabbles lay some results of startling work done in a state of sustained emotional elation, and behind that again was the unrelieved poverty that kept him hungry, discontent at his brother's meager charity. Some-thing snapped in his brain. He went after the chariot, dressed with an open sword, creeping on him, bent on mauling him.

Gauguin's sharp reprimand changed the direction of van Gogh's mea-

ns. He sickened, but he was not sick. Gauguin spent the night at the inn, and went to the yellow house next morning.

He found it surrounded by an angry crowd, and they stoned Gauguin. They accused him of murdering van Gogh, they pointed to the blood on the threshold, to the trail of blood leading to van Gogh's bedroom.

Gauguin led the police into the house. They found Vincent van Gogh unconscious from loss of blood, but still alive.

And with only one eye, with a towel around his head, soaking up the blood that still gushed from the place where an ear had been.

The number of Gauguin's hadn't come off, but van Gogh had kept the rooster. He had to do something with it. On the way home, he decided that he would cut his own throat. But apparently that idea didn't make a strong appeal. Before he got around to doing it, he remembered something.

A girl-a girl in the Arles brothel who had dallied with him and, playfully, had twisted him about his "funny-shaped ears." In the same joking spirit, van Gogh had promised that, next time he came to occupy her charms, he would bring one of his ears and present it to her.

He was sure he was joking, when he made the promise; but now he was mad, now he had a reason to kill himself.

He dashed the right ear off clean.

He wrapped his hand in a towel, and started the bloody ear to the house of love, and fastened his eye to the way-blade. She faltered, and van Gogh went home and fastened them.

He recovered his strength, and his memory. He learned from his doctor that all he needed to keep his mea-

ns to avoid over-excitement, and the doctor helped him, trained him in the art of calming himself when his emotions became aroused. Van Gogh was able to do it quite easily. He could have finished his day's work and gone.

But not if he painted in the only way he wanted to paint, and if he threw himself completely into the creation of beauty. He suffered that before long, and then, quite naturally, he made his choice.

He chose insanity.

Three months of wallowing in an orgy of work, with beauty taking shape under his hands, and then—silence again. In his madness, he would do tantalizing things, would paint names pictures, but he would come out of it, and there would be another two or three months that were his.

For over a year, he made extraordinary use of his new motifs. His store of weird paintings mounted,

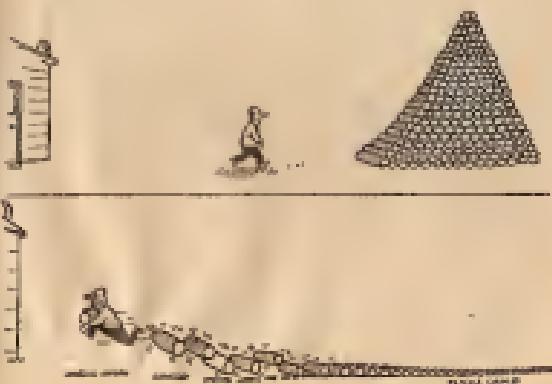
his bouquet to prettiness became richer each day.

The fever of inspiration burned to feverish heat, he became full, and panting became labored.

He borrowed a revolver, he made sure every chamber was charged. He didn't wait for another fit of insanity, but placed the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger.

That was July 29, 1890. A few weeks earlier, a Paris art critic had drawn attention to the remarkable work of Vincent van Gogh. That critic started something that still goes on. What van Gogh did with the revolver was to make sure that, when the whiners of appreciation had grown into a chorus of praise, there would be no unprepared, unexpected van Gogh.

That is why a van Gogh is definitely a van Gogh. Whether you like the painter or not, the whole man is there, in every one of them.



*The End of*



#### Are Men's Heads Changing?

Don't worry, people, but it's apparently going on right before our eyes — notwithstanding previous opinions of anthropologists that the human body taken en masse is change in general structure or size. New York's Columbia University has for many years been studying the head shapes of immigrants and their American-born sons. They have found that, in this relatively short period, their average head form has undergone "far-reaching changes." Jews from East European countries generally have very round heads; these men now are more long-headed. On the other hand, Southern Europeans, particularly Italians, who previously had long heads, have changed into short, round-headed types.

#### Can You Take a Snake's Throat, Puhell?

Two hundred members of the British Herpetological Society are at present lancing out. They are recording, by photograph, the throat prints of every British snake—a task never attempted before. To a snake expert the prolonged the colour pattern on the throat of one of his darlings identifies its variety as surely as a rumpus.

#### Can Armada be Fished?

It certainly can . . . as a matter of fact, latest psychiatric opinion in the United States is that 20 per cent. of people suffering to have lost their

memory are "practicing deliberate deceit." Research over a period at the Philadelphia General Hospital has established that most genuine cases of amnesia are linked with a nervous disease or psychosis. The malingerer's amnesia attack, on the other hand, is generally traceable to a family quarrel, a disappointment in love, trouble with the police or perceived misfortune.

#### What is a Salamander?

Don't ask us how he gets his name, but we do know he's a guy who works in the Texas oilfields and earns over \$1000 a month for a certain job of work. Before your eyes light up with a money-lazy glint, however, let us hasten to add it is believed not one of the breed has ever died a natural death. Oil wells have an unpleasant habit of bursting into flames at frequent intervals. The salamander puts out these fires by crawling close and hurling auto-glycine bonds at them. He is clad in an asbestos vest and has a metal cable fastened to his waist. With his bonds he tries to sever the connection between the flames and the oil—a feat that requires almost as much skill as nerve. His standard pay for what is generally less than a dangerous job is \$2000, but he earns it. There above comes a day when, overcome by the heat and smoke, an oil-skunk and drops his bonds. Then there is nothing left for those on the other end of the cable to haul back

# TO KEEP A MAN



## ~GUESSING~

Here are two gay young things of the dim distant past decked out in the sort of duds, nine since surmised Grecians wore to keep ab' sun, sand and men at a distance. Of course, in these days, men were more plentiful (about 'em),. However, they don't seem to be very interested in the doings of these different denizens preparing to use the cool corners of the sea!



Every generation has a different idea on the correct attire for the ocean. The 1932 version, as typified by these two, features bra and trunks and a maximum of bare midriff—and we'd be the last to object to it. With apologies to the past, we can only murmur: Have you seen people half as beautiful as these, swimming daily from the sea? Unlike Grandma, they don't believe a girl will cease to have simply by uncovering her charms.



While some like to plunge headlong into the breakers without delay, others—like this lithesome lovely—prefer to dally fearfully upon the edge and dabble a cautious toe. However, from the look of that Miss Lee smile and by the glint in those regal eyes, we'd say that she was more interested in attracting the gaze of some suave, straw-hatted fellow upon the promenade than entrusting herself to the perils of the deep.

# "Oh my poor Head"



Your headache is not a disease, but a real warning sign of some maladjusting of mind or body.

A USTRALIA, if doctors do not know, must be well on the way to becoming a nation of cephalalgists—sufferers of chronic or frequent headaches.

Greater trouble is to present that we consume twice as many patient pain-killing remedies per head of population as anybody else.

There are more than 30 known causes of headache. They include overstrain, high blood pressure, sinus infection, head trauma, kidney disease and brain tumours. Just as pernicious and painful, however, may be headaches caused by psychological reasons—excessive emotional strain, general maladjustment, family arguments and so on.

Only in the last decade or so has medical science made any real advances in finding out why we should get a pain in our head following these causes, when the brain itself has practically no more feeling than a hot potato.

Brain surgeons, in the course of operations in which local anaesthetics were used, began to question their patients while they were on the operating table. With permission, they gently pushed and probed the inside of the patients' skulls to discover the sensitive spots.

Over a period, it was thus established that the pain areas were mostly in the dura (the tissue which covers the brain) and the larger cerebral blood vessels.

Nowhere are headaches and these areas and even being studied so thoroughly as at the Mass General Hospital in New York. By means of drugs, surgery, physiotherapy, correction of eye trouble and psychological tests, the clinic has been able to cure 80 per cent of cases treated.

After a complete physical examination, a new patient is subjected to two or three blood counts, a Wassermann test, a check with an electroencephalo-

graph (brain-wave machine) to detect a possible brain tumour or certain diseases of the nervous system, a skull X-ray to detect any bone disease or displacement, a check of teeth, ears, nose and sinuses, and finally tests for possible allergies.

When all these averages have been explored without revealing the cause of a headache, the patient passes on to the psychiatrist. In 30 per cent of cases studied at the Mass General Clinic, a mental, nervous or emotional condition is a factor behind the headache trouble. In 20 per cent of the cases, it is the sole cause.

When under skilled and experienced questioning the reason that is disturbing the patient (loss of losing a job or of becoming an old maid, want of affection, self-concern and so on) is revealed, and a sympathetically talked over, an instant cure is headache trouble.

Nearly 80 per cent of chronic headaches, it has been estimated, are due to migraine, sometimes called "the bilious headache." It is probably the most and most painful of all. Fortunately it is not difficult to diagnose and can nowadays generally be successfully treated.

Migraine is a periodic attack of searing, throbbing pain over the right or left temple, or both. Nausea and vomiting frequently accompany it to add to the patient's discomfort.

Until 1938, little could be done to relieve it. In that year, however, a French doctor, W. H. Maury, discovered that injections of ergotamine tartrate (a derivative of ergot which is used to control obstetric haemorrhage) would stop most migraine attacks.

A migraine attack is followed by depression of the mind, nervous, which causes the pain. Ergotamine tartrate controls these nervous disturbances to give relief.

Unfortunately, it cannot be used by suffers from high blood pressure, because—by the contraction of the arteries—the blood pressure is raised even higher.

Despite the general neglect of treatment, migraine is still a migraine—notably in that the migraine cause—the trigger that sets off the disease of the arteries—is unknown.

More than anyone else, migraine attacks the perimenopausal type—the successive full of drowsy premenstrual and premenstrual of time wasting and unproductivity, and the women who follow her husband around the house with a duster and an abusive

Recently a California psychiatrist, Dr. A. R. Furmanek, reported the results of a long period of research in migraine types. As usual, he found the well-known migraine characteristics.

But he also discovered these people showed "a marked need for love and approval, severe disengagement from theighter loss of self-esteem and severe depression after failure or criticism." On the credit side, however, they were generally "polite, sensible, gentle, sensible and cooperative of hostility and aggression."

In these very sensible qualities, Dr. Furmanek believes, can be found the reason for their misery. He thinks that "migraine headaches are triggered by a love-hate relationship, by a disruption of the equilibrium between the desire for love and approval and the normal aggression or 'hate' instinct."

Headaches can be blamed for more human misery and suffering and loss of working time than any other of man's afflictions. At long last, however, they are on the run, with improved medical and psychiatric techniques. It is no longer necessary for any victim to suffer in silence.

# Crime Capsules

## HAND OF GHOST . . .

In Arizona in 1932, a group of Indians was under suspicion for the murder of a white woman on their reservation. Ordinary methods of interrogation had failed with the crew, expensive known, but it was obvious one of them was the culprit. Special Agent Street of the FBI conducted an Apache named Goliery Seymour. Producing a bottle of "magic water," he continued. It would reveal the murderer to him. A quantity of liquid was poured on each man's hand. Goliery Seymour was last, and the liquid on his palm slowly turned pink and then bright red. "Blood!" shouted the Special Agent. "The blood of the dead woman. You, Goliery Seymour, are the killer!" Trembling, the Apache bubbled out a confession that later corrected and was due to prison for life. Even to-day he does not know that Street poured ordinary water on all the other Indians and a colorless chemical liquid, which turns red when it comes in contact with the skin on him.

## TIME OF DEATH . . .

"When did this person die?" traditionally demands the coroner's inquest. When the corpse is fresh, the answer is not much of a problem to a medical examiner. However, when the body is discovered long after the dead is dead and after it has been

subjected to wind and weather, a painstaking investigation is necessary. Not only what is left of the victim's anatomy, but also fraud is, on a several it, and evidence of habits, death, friends and movements must be collected and sifted. Entomologists and osteologists may be called in to correlate thousands manufactured by passing insects, with the life cycle of insects that have swarmed over the body. Again, osteologists may be sent to study the composition, structure and texture of nearby rocks and earth, and perhaps determine not only the time but the place of death.

## POLYGRAPH PROS AND CONS . . .

Although the polygraph, or lie detector, has been in use in the United States for more than 30 years, and is being increasingly employed in attempts to separate truth from falsehood, controversy still reigns as to its value. Its reliability has not been definitely proved because it records emotions, which are not at all cut and dried and capable of graphical representation as are subjective ideas. The polygraph consists of four sensitive gauges to record changes (while under questioning) in breathing, blood pressure, pulse rate and sweating. It is not certain, however, that separate reactions to those resulting from a lie could not be produced by confusion, misunderstanding, self-conciousness or anger.

We don't know if she's drawing in the sun or whether that page is for the benefit of our customers. We can tell you, however, that she's Reynolds' Paula Dorothy, and very proud that she can even a smile in the open sun. Her main ambition is if you didn't know it for a career in dentistry.



# Time is my enemy

THERE IS A LIMIT TO WHAT A

MAN CAN STAND AND GEORGE

HAD JUST ABOUT REACHED IT

IRENE BICKMAN



FICTION

CANALCAVE, October, 1952

GEORGE stood on the street corner, waiting for the evening to pass. It was only just he had scarcely finished his reflectively eaten tea, and it was too early for the places there to be opened. Anyway, he didn't want to go to a picture show.

All he wanted was a drink, and he wanted a drink so much that he felt as if little animals were crawling all over his skin. His mouth, his stomach, every nerve in his body cried out for a drink.

He would have liked to go back to the hotel to write a letter to Lorna "Darlene," he would write, "darling, I haven't had a drink for a whole week."

But of course he went back to the hotel while the bar was still open, and with the smell of liquor to make a torment for him, it wouldn't be true any longer.

As he stood on the corner, a drunk came waddling his way past, smelling of spirit and beer, raw-cooked dirt, his eyes red and glazed with alcohol.

George forced himself to look, and to keep on looking. "You'll be like that one day, if you don't pull up now. If you get any lower, you won't be able to come up again. It's such a little thing—to hold out for a few hours without a drink. It will come, by all means, and you can go back to Lorna and the kids."

Of course, Lorna was right—woman mostly are right about that sort of thing. And after young Bobby started attending to his shop because



he was afraid that his father was coming for him, it was time enough to close the door on him. Heaven knows, Lorna hadn't found it easy.

"Come back when you can do without it," she said.

Perhaps she would be proud of him, if she saw him standing there, every part of him crying out for a drink. But again, maybe she didn't care any more. Why should she? She was still young—plenty of fellows found her attractive; fellows who didn't get drunk and were the kids.

Suddenly he shivered, and he realized that he was sweating. He had expected that, and he knew that in a few minutes he would get the shakers. That was the way it took you—you sweated and then you got the shakers, and then you remained apathetic.

One good stiff drink, maybe two, and your aching nerves would calm down, like a ravaged land after a cyclone. And all those silly, sugary little poems that nearly drove you mad—the aches in your head and in your teeth, the torment in your mouth—disappear as if by magic, with just one drink, maybe two.

But if you have that drink, you waste a whole week's fighting and agony. You get back to where you started. That's far, far away from Lorna and the kids as you don't have a drink—perhaps.

Suddenly George knew that he couldn't face the evening alone nor

## ALL CHANGE

Women, 'he said, 'are less changed than men. Up-to-date are not in the female tribe. Well, that may be quite true here and there, now and then. But little of this in my own house I traced. I have long ceased to feel any sort of a shock. When it often occurs changes my eyes can find, The change her motions, her step, and her look. And by hook, she's a woman at changing her mind!

thought George. "I'm defeated by something intangible, something that has no reality. I build up my life and something comes. Then you're dead" and I fall into the dust."

Then he saw the girl, walking towards him with slow steps, a shopping bag in her hand, her arms strong and golden-brown against the bright cotton of her sun-dress. He fell into step beside her, but she was so lost in thought that she started as he spoke.

"Look, man," he said, "you can call a cup of you like, but I swear this isn't no ordinary pickup. I've just got to have someone to talk to—just to have a cup of coffee with and talk to. We'll go into that coffee shop, and you can walk out any time you like. I promise I won't follow you."

The girl turned and looked at him. George had the feeling that he was being summed up shrewdly, and possibly not entirely to his advantage.

Then suddenly she laughed. "I can always do with a cup of coffee," she said. "But let's go to the coffee-rotated-the-corner. The coffee's better, and I've got to get you to buy me some cake and an cream."

They walked side by side in silence until they had been served with the coffee and apple pie.

"Okay," she said, "tell me what the old story."

He talked, in his great surprise, with as much ease as if she were an old friend; all about Lorna and the kids, and how it feels to write a drunk terribly, and not to have one, how sometimes it goes too bad the year, and you have to get someone to help—just to listen, really.

All through that, the girl sat there, saying nothing, just listening, which was all he wanted. Finally he exhausted himself at a taper of conversation.

"You turn now," he said. "What's your story?"

She hesitated. "The married," she said. She studied the tablecloth, drawing designs on it with her fork. "It didn't work out. He left me. You see, I can sympathize with you, because I can't bear to be alone any longer, either."

She didn't move her hand. George accepted that her eyes would be filled with tears. For the first time for months, his heart was filled with pity for someone else. He was shocked to realize how long it had been since he had had any feeling for other people's trouble.

"That's rough," he murmured. "It'll come back—you can't help it."

Her big eyes were in a bitter smile. "You, hell come back. Hell come to fetch his best out. It was at the dry cleaners when he left, and a coat thirty-five dollars. I keep it hung up outside the wardrobe. I brush it every day, so that it won't get dusty. I like to keep it where I can see it when I lie in bed, because it reminds me that hell'll come back, and I'll see him again, and maybe I can make him see that I can't go on living—" her voice trailed off.

George tried to think of comforting words, but before he could say them he got a bad attack of the shivers. He shook as much the girl looked at him with wide-eyed alarm.

"It's all right," he said. "Just keep on talking. Talk about anything."

"When I was a kid," she giggled, "I lived on a property up North."

"That's right. Go on. Keep on talking." He was trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

"I had a pony. His name was Bubba, and everybody thought he was such a pal, because he was so small. But he used to turn right round and bite my feet while I was

riding him or try to buck me off."

George clung on to the edge table, and gradually the shivers became less and less, until he regained control of himself. He shook his head to get the perspiration out of his eyes, and tried a shaky grin.

"Sorry about that," he said. "Tell me more about the pony."

"You don't really want to hear, do you?" she asked.

"Candidly, I couldn't care less. Thanks for setting me straight." He suddenly realized that he could go back to the hotel, because the bar and lounge would be closed. He had negotiated another day without a drink.

"Look," he said, "easy I see you again, if things get too tough to handle, alright? And if things get rough for you, you must get in touch with me. We'll revisit it right together."

"I like that," she said. "I'd like it very much."

He walked beside her, silent as before; as if everything that had to be said had been said. He carried his shopping bag, as they climbed the stairs to her flat.

As she opened the door and put on the light, he looked intently towards the wardrobe, but there was nothing hanging there.

A muffled sound made him turn towards the girl. She had her feet propped on the door post, and her feet beat in a frantic rhythm against the woodwork.

"It's gone. It's gone!" she cried. "He came and took it while I was out, and I never saw him!"

A tremendous blackness enveloped George, and when he spoke his voice seemed to come from far away, even from another world.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "Let's go and have a drink! Let's go out and get really drunk!"

more. If he was to live through without a break, he must have help. All he wanted was to have someone to talk to, someone who would understand, who could make him see that all this agony was worth while.

But the people who hurried past had no thoughts for George. Their lives were rounded, complete; why should they bother about an amateur?

"I'll stop someone—the next likely person," he thought. "I'll go and if I'm left alone. Go mad, or have a break."

The lover came by, hand in hand, lost in each other's eyes. George hated them because they were so happy, so oblivious. Was it so much that he asked, that someone should care whether he lived or died?

The boys playing in the gutter turned their heads to mock warlike. One pointed a short piece of wood at his friend. "Haha, you're dead!" he cried, and the other boy fell in the road, his bare heels spouting the twinkling dust.

"My life is as real as their play!"

# A WEIGHT OF GOLD

JOHN FORD ■ FICTION

THE water was only black in the shadowed patches near the poles. It slapped and cracked against the wood as the launch sailed on till the name was absent of a hole land. Rogers sat the water and pumped from the cockpit.

He ran a line to the railroad and then looked along the sloping wharf.

Johnson came to him, a shadow which broke itself off from the darker dozen of a wharfsmen's shed. He carried a small box and handed it to Rogers.

Rogers nodded a greeting and hefted the box in his right hand.

"To Apia, O.R.," he said.

Johnson grunted. "I should. It's the real stuff. Worth its weight in gold." He snarled. "That's funny, that."

"It'll be more like laughing when we've got the money for it," said Rogers. "This is a risky game. The Government takes a very fine view of gold smuggling."

"The Government takes a dim view of lots of things," said Johnson, "but it hasn't stopped me before now."

"Maybe," said Rogers. "Anyway, Ed better start. I'll get on board with you later. Give me a hand to shore off."

He dropped on board and into the cockpit. He passed a broken and the motor roared and started and then dropped its voice to a quiet purr as he throttled back. He jerked his head at Johnson, who fumbled with the rope and threw it on deck. Rogers waved and spun the wheel. The launch sailed its stem at the wharf and moored.

Then started the thud, thud that meant the quick breakup of the ship.



SMUGGLING GOLD OUT OF THE COUNTRY IS A RISKY BUSINESS—ESPECIALLY

YOUR PASSENGER IS A TRICESTER ADDICTED TO THE DOUBLE CROSS

A gesture we know tells of a young bachelor he proudly walks on who, at college, had been a champion runner. When detained to count up some sheep one day, the boy despatched the herds and started on doing it on foot. That evening he returned to the herdsman and reported, "I stop right the sheep, but these lambs led me a sorry dance all day. Got them in the end, though." Puzzled, for he had no lambs in the flock, the master accompanied him out to the yard. "Show me these lambs," he ordered. "There they are, over there," said the shepherd, pointing. The master looked over and over, seeing the sheep, a dejected and utterly exhausted group of rabbets.

into the deep, enveloping blackness.

He headed downstream, keeping out from the line of darkness wherever and the ship's dining at them, and gradually working for the channel between the two breakwaters which was the entrance to the harbour. The launch began to dip its bows and knock its stern, spray flew in his face, and he clamped tight the glass windows and rattled on the wheel.

He moved into the channel proper, where the waves rolled in long and deep and dark. He pushed the steering further and the motor leaped its revs and pushed the boat harder into the swirl.

He passed the signal station to starboard. With his lights dimmed, he concluded on passing unnoticed.

He crossed the two breakwaters and altered course so that he was running parallel to the coast. The boat rolled heavily, unsteadily. He altered course slightly and the roll ceased. He stared through the glass but could see nothing. He spanned the motor up still further and splashed his face to steady himself.

Then he saw the light.

It was a long way off, out to sea, nearly a working that wouldn't be looked. That it was real enough,

and he altered course. The sea was getting up. He crouched under his breath, unconsciously raising his gun, although he was alone on a brawling sea.

Like a sudden shout in the night the big freighter roared over the launch. Rogers started at the suddenness of the appearance and ran the launch in a wide circle that took him well clear of the huge flying bows and in on the lee of the ship. He stopped the motor and let the launch drift on. The ship was blocked out.

He prodded up at the rail and called. A second later a pale-ghost shadow came to the side and a rope ladder tumbling down to him. A moment plunged down and after dropping to the launch deck explained Rogers to the ladder. He left for the small box, and with one hand clambered reluctantly up.

He clambered for the rail and hard hands prodded him and plumped him on his feet. Another man unstrapping and Rogers followed him along an unsteady deck, up a wet slippery iron ladder and down a passage to a cabin on the bridge. The door cracked, a voice answered and Rogers pushed open the door and stepped in.

Montgomery was sitting at a small desk, a lamp shedding light on to the long thin hands, obviously white for a master. He nodded with a paper-knife, dropped it to the desk, nodded, but made no move to get up.

"Ah," he said, "you've come like the wise men, bearing gifts."

"Sort of," answered Rogers, grimacing as he dumped the box on the desk.

"There it is," he said, "your hundred thousand of it. Least price a bit better than six thousand. To you twice thousand."

Montgomery nodded, silent.

"How much do you expect to get for it in Singapore?" asked Rogers. "They pay twenty pounds an ounce without a margin."

Rogers nodded, eyes wide round and lips pressed in a question whether.

"How about Customs up there? Won't they search the ship?" he queried.

Montgomery got up from the desk and pulled out of a portfolio as he stood his hand.

"They won't prevent any whisky. Customs are supposed to be above this sort of thing."

"Well, you must be doing all right to be able toough up money like this," said Rogers. "And speaking of such a pleasant subject, would you mind handing over. I'm beginning to whip up outside, and my stomach isn't quite so lame in years."

Montgomery looked at Rogers from under half-closed lids. "An' a mother of her, Rogers, I haven't got the money."

Rogers jerked upright from the deepest he had been sleeping.

"You haven't! What d'you mean? Aren't you taking the gold?"

Montgomery half-cried, "Oh, yes, I'm taking the gold, but I'm not giving you the money."

Rogers kicked in a long breath and

laughed softly but a little unseemly.

"What sort of stuff is this you're talking? If you haven't got the money, you don't get the gold!"

Montgomery pressed a small button. Foot stepped along the passage and the door opened. Rogers turned, to be confronted in a tangle of arms and legs as these sailors grappled and pressed him against the wall. Two pinned his arms, then Montgomery pinioned the third aside so he could view Rogers.

Rogers stood at the man standing by the desk.

"What the hell is this, Montgomery?" he shouted. "You arranged to pay. You can't get away with this for ever time. You've got to come back sooner or later. What have you to pay? Why don't you cut out the strong arm cases and hand over the money. Either that or give the gold back and let me get to hell out of it! There's a blasted storm cooking up!"

Montgomery smiled. "Yes, I know. It couldn't be better, in fact. Originally I meant to have you stranded in, along with your launch, having no money. Your partner would conclude you had cleaned out with the money. Now I'll have you stranded in, leave your launch and let the tide take you ashore. It will be a bad, but non-navigable launch wrech on a sea a little rough for a small craft."

Rogers went white as he realized Montgomery meant it.

"Do you think my partner will fall for that? How will you take the absence of the money?"

"A paper packet, torn, with a small sum still inside it, will convince your partner that the rest of the six thousand was washed away in the wash," answered Montgomery.

Rogers stared at him, staring the uncomprehending, hollow face with the smearing flesh of a mouth. He lunged at Montgomery and was hauled back

by the sailors. The third sailor leaped against him in another big struggle.

Rogers used his knee.

The man fell, hands clapping his mouth, and screamed till the sailors ran with the name.

Rogers jerked an iron half-bar and cracked his elbow in the heel of the sailor on his right. The sailor howled and pressed his hands to his jagged top lip.

Montgomery jumped in to help, and Rogersaving a heavy load. It caught Montgomery on the knee-cap. The other sailor ran for the door and Rogers took his weight on his stomach. The sailor puked-kinded with a soft moan.

Rogers turned towards the desk. He grabbed for the bar at the most instant as Montgomery. They were wrestling, panting, tearing out at each other. Rogers had only half a grip on it, as he heard more sailors running along the passageway.

He ran to the door without his keys. Rogers appeared around a bend, and he ran the other way.

Another sailor grew out of the darkness as he tumbled down the changing range. Rogers yelled and roared the boat again. The sailor fell back whimpering.

Rogers jumped over him and ran for the nail.

He tumbled down the ropes, the white face of the sailor staring up at him as he let go and dropped fast. The sailor accelerated, and they rolled into the cockpit, smirking, grinning, puking. The sailor thwacked a fist into Rogers's face and made his eyes stare Rogers fell back. As he did so, the sailor grabbed a handful of his coal collar and hauled him to his feet. Rogers sagged, and the sailor drove back his fist for a Sunday punch. The launch clamped against the ship's side and he staggered.

Rogers pushed him over the side.

The sailor popped up like a cork and grasped the launch ringpole.

Rogers clamped the heel of a boot down on the fingers, gleaming white in the gloom. He felt them crush and break.

There was blood on the wood as the sailor turned and stumbled to the rope ladder.

Rogers was a hand across his bloodied face and stepped the sailor-starved switch. He gunned the motor and turned the launch away from the ship.

Back in the cabin, Montgomery pushed his way through the group of sailors and leaped to the wheelhouse.

Montgomery shoved the engine room telegraph to half-speed. Then he turned and ordered the men off the wheel.

"Give me that. I want to take care of something personally."

The gunman looked at him in amazement,

"You're going to stare yourself, sir?"

"Yes, yes," snapped Montgomery.

The ship began to throb and tremble as the screens lit harder. Montgomery turned her in the direction of the launch.

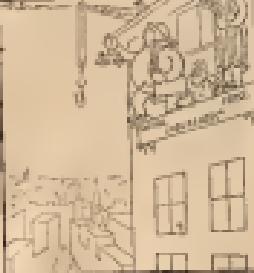
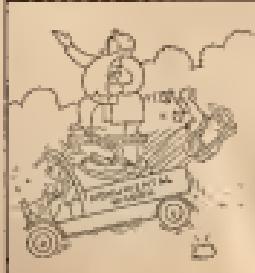
The sun had yet up. The yellow were yellow, resembling They shone over the freighter's bows and flooded along the deck. Slowly Montgomery edged her round, till the ship was running before the quarter gale and headed towards the harbour mouth down coast. He rang for three-quarter speed. The steamer looked unusually through the port, then abeam, then looked sideways at the captain.

"We're only about a quarter-mile from the Queen Bitch, sir."

Montgomery snarled and looked quickly at him, then turned back to the wheel.

"Don't worry, friend. I'll catch up with my colleagues long before that."

Rogers did not look back after he had turned a corner at the ship. The launch was rolling on her beam as



### THE BIG BULGE

Lough and groan far—  
They tell us that  
So what are you on,  
O solemn Paul?  
That we can tell!  
If you laugh like Hell,  
It's—well,  
It's real!

—WEASEL

was still crashing down cruelly.

"Hell!" he whispered. "Hell!" The freighter struck. It suddenly tilted Rogers—watching what was to come—toward the ship. The ship shuddered and listing. The stars swayed around till the hull was broadside on to the breakers. A garrison of waves pushed her further on to the bank. Then plowed the thud, thud, thud that meant the quick breaking of the ship.

He got into calmer water in the lee of the wreck. She was still some distance away, but her bulk ramming into the air created a whirlpool.

Men were sliding down dayis into half-burdened lifeboats. On the bridge he could see Montgomery standing now in silence and recklessly shouting and gesturing wildly.

Most of the boats were launched. As Rogers watched, he saw Montgomery run from the bridge with something under one arm. It was the oar.

Rogers watched helplessly as the captain thrust it into an open pocket and rebolted his cabin.

Montgomery charged across the half-burdened deck. He stopped toward a rope ladder flopping over the side. He climbed his way down several rungs, then waited. On the water was a lifeboat crowded with men, two of them holding it off from the ship.

The lifeboat swayed out. Montgomery waited for it to swing in. It started to swing in and he jumped. He missed.

Rogers stood at the spot. There was nothing to mark the place where a man had died.

A bunch of excited chatter was thang to him on the wind.

"... those subsoils and calcium didn't give him a chance."

"Neither did four hundred tray canaries," whispered Rogers.



2. "WANT TO SET  
SOME PLACE BEFORE?"



hawthorne

he swam her across the creek and straightforward up, with the net pulling up one after another under her arms.

He looked up at the sky, and shuddered at the sun. He could see nothing but the dark, forbidding breakwaters which met the shore. Once made them he would be safe.

A sailor lifted the boat high, high, and shoved it ashore down the trough. He yanked at the wheel, and as he did he looking over his shoulder.

Out of the dark the ship was coming, bearing down at a macaroni speed. He wet his lips gone and dry.

He peered ahead. Lying like a silver dagger in the water was a dark line of rocks and blocks of cement which he knew well the southern breakwater. He was closer than he had meant to go. The Oyster Bank was over.

He croaked. "You can't follow me much closer, smart boy. Another two hundred yards, and you'll have to go about."

He stared as he realized the ship



# BOTTLED BLUES

FROTH BLOWN BY  
—GIBSON

The last beautiful bottle! More  
precious than pearls of wisdom . . .  
All sweet nectar! . . .

All the week you dream about it . . .



You cherish and protect it . . .



With a will of iron you withhold  
all temptation . . .

good!!!! . . .



then at last! the day is a  
soother . . . you have never seen  
town . . . the moment of consumma-  
tion is at hand . . . it requires no ice  
. . . it is cold perfection . . . it is . . .

Yes . . . the little women give it to  
Aunt Floribelle to rattle for some  
benefit . . . and to make matters worse,  
you find that it was won by  
the guy next door who is a small  
teencoller,



# STRANGER and Stranger



## PACHYDERM PLUCKING

Charles H. Davis, a 12-year-old retired optometrist of New York, has the odd hobby of collecting hairs from elephants' tails. Since 1938 he has obtained specimens from more than 10 per cent. of all the elephants in the United States. Up to a foot in length, they are either black or brown and look like pliers wire. Mr. Davis files each "trophy" in a leather envelope, with full information as to how it was secured. Generally he collects them himself on sea visits. "I just take hold and pull," he says. "Sometimes the carcass object, but they're not much they can do about it. They cannot see what I'm up to, because elephants don't turn their heads to look behind." Hearing of the Davis collection, a missionary in the Belgian Congo recently over-had an elephant-hair bracelet. These are highly prized among the natives, but curious tourists forbade anybody to wear one unless he had killed an elephant with his own hands.

## ANTIQUE FINGERPRINTS

Thirty bags of joss were discovered in 1938 had been the treasure of a house during archaeological excavations at Mycenae, Greece, in 1250. Although they were calculated to be 250 years old, the fingerprints of the men who had sealed them with clay were still intact on them.

## CANINE COCKTAILS

Even a raving dog, it has been

discovered by researchers at the University of Georgia, takes on Dutch courage under the influence of hops. In a litter of four Dalmatians, a healthy female had assumed control. One timid and submissive male pup nervously crawled out in the rush of feeding time. However, when he was previously doused with a quantity of diluted hopswater in a single nip of whisky for a nose, the tables were turned. He cavorted around like a pipsqueak, cheerfully shouldered his way through to the plate and indolently ignored the futile attempts of the temporarily dispossessed female dog.

## HAGGIS HISTORY

Haggis, the festive national dish of Scotland everywhere, is really of Greek origin. Aristotle referred to it in "The Classics" in 400 B.C. He called it "tripe pheasant," but from the description it was quite evidently haggis. Louis Henry IV of France introduced a long hair eel under the name of "fusilli." It was spread through France, particularly in the areas. From captured military cooks, the English learned its preparation and took it home. It was not until the 18th century that the Scots decided to adopt it as their own. Haggis is generally made of the heart, lungs and liver of a sheep, minced with meat, onions, oatmeal, salt and pepper, and boiled in a bag, usually the stomach of a sheep.



"More and a sort of rag-to-riches story that never quite came off."



## THE THEME IS TWINS

If you were walking along Hollywood Boulevard and spied this duplicate eyelet, you would not be seeing double. No, lucky fellow, you would be gazing at the red-haired, brown-eyed Diamond Twins. Of French and Spanish descent, but born and raised in Hollywood, Norma and Alba (don't ask us which is which) both stand neatly five feet eight inches tall and weigh seven stone five pounds . . . also, to coin a phrase, even their mother can't tell them apart.

Here Norma, or is it Alba, shows sister a new type of perfume bottle. Collecting perfume is a hobby of the twins. (Usually, it's a hobby, and prefer to collect twins if they are the same size, Diamond variety). In case you're interested (and we hope you are), Norma is 12 minutes older than Alba. When a girl begins to keep their respective boy friends can be sure they're going through Diamond.





*The best known twin team in Hollywood, Norma and Adria share the housework, when they're not working, which is not often. Our reaction is that we wouldn't mind either one of them during as off too if we felt inclined. As well as being popular models by day, they are a widely sought-after dance act to start night clubs. They were given their first chance by the late Earl Carroll, joined by his slogan: "Through these Petticoats Pass the Most Beautiful Girls in the World."*

24 CAVAILAGE, October, 1952



#### MEAT FOR MOTHERS

Healthier babies have been recently produced following an increased protein intake by their mothers during pregnancy. Observers at the University of Chicago selected more than 100 expectant mothers and placed them on different diets in which varying amounts of meat were included. It was found that the more meat the mothers ate (that is, the greater their protein intake), the healthier were their babies.

#### STOPPING THE SHAKES

Trembling, nervousness, "butterflies in the stomach," and other results of an acute bout of insomnia (I.A.T.'s as we call it) or psychomotor agitation if you like medical terms can be relieved on a short time by a new drug called, Diastophine recently developed in the United States. Known as a sedating drug and contained in gelatin capsules, it has been proved to be far more efficacious and quicker acting than the barbiturate sleeping pills previously used, which took about 24 hours to effect a patient's recovery.

#### GUARD AGAINST GLAUCOMA

One of the leading causes of adult blindness is the eye disease called glaucoma. Strangely, however, in most cases the sight of the people afflicted can be saved if proper treatment is started early. The drug is that few know when they have glau-

coma. Telltale signs of its onset are frequent changes of glasses without noticeable, usually in either eye to the dark of daytime; loss of side vision, blurred or foggy sight, and rainbow rings around eyes. Although these may be caused by other, less serious eye defects, their presence should send a visit to the doctor for safety's sake.

#### TAPEWORM TROUBLE

Doctors of Tulane University, New Orleans, have discovered a new and efficient method of treating patients infested with tapeworm. It avoids the use of strichine—the skin-yellowing, anti-parasite drug used extensively in World War II. They report 100 per cent success with it after one or two treatments.

#### TAKING TOBACCO

The practice of smoking in tobacco has long been cited as a proven argument against smoking. An Argentine scientist, Ricardo Severt, has now come up with a method of extracting the nicotine and reducing tobacco smoke. The process is a long one. First it involves softening the tobacco for ten days in boiled water that is renewed every 24 hours. Then it is soaked for another 10 hours in an infusion of ordinary tea. The resulting tobacco, when dried, is said to be practically free from nicotine and to have lost most of its original quality.



## SHAPED FOR SPORT

Can you explain the reasons for the successful  
specialising in different sports by different nations?

HAVE you ever noticed that Indian racial features seem to excel at certain sports which their national representatives win consistently over the years?

In the track and field department, the most disinterested bystander is no doubt aware that the white men for the past half century have been lucky to match native placings in sprints and hurdles events of international standard. The American negro monopoly of these items—and the high jump and broad jump—has made the record book read like a *Barbara's Who's Who*. That is equally true of the long jump.

An examination of the records of 25 years of middle distance running throws the spotlight on to Great Britain and her procession of mighty rollers and half-meters. The French and the Swedes have excelled over

the longer distances and at the javelin. Now Germany, Hungary and the Central European countries have produced outstanding muscle-men for the hammer throw and weight lifting events. The Noda track men from Japan have won the remaining supremacy from the Americans during the past score of years, while their triple and long jumpers appear to be on the point to stay. France, Italy and Hungary share however in the long jump.

A survey of international team games discloses the brilliance of India's and Pakistan's ability at field hockey. There is not a country in the world whose international superiority in a chosen sport can match that of mastery of the curved stick game.

Perhaps you say to yourself—Oh, they just happen to have been trained

in those particular sports! That could be true—well, so—but have you noticed that there is a similarity in build among most champions and record holders in particular sports?

Now that we said "shape" There is always the measured character who is definitely the wrong shape for the task, but who settles down to an orgy of record breaking and embarrasment of theorists.

Of course, the research on body build was conducted by American scientists. Prime mover was Professor T. K. Curson—probably the most outstanding physical educationist in the world to-day. Hundreds of photographs of past and present champions were studied, and scientific tests and measurements were applied to hundreds of world-ranking sportsmen.

It was discovered that top-class high jumpers, jumpers and pole vaulters generally have relatively longer than average lower legs, that is, from the knee down. They also have greater leg length in relation to body.

The weight event champions, such as hammer throwers and shot putters, are of course powerfully built men, but they also have unusually long upper arms.

Weight lifters and wrestlers and many track athletes are all in the one physical group. They usually have relatively short legs compared with the length of trunk—or body. Then the stocky types.

Top rank swimmers are naturally slender, and they have unusual flexibility—particularly in the ankles and the spine. They can arch the back easily. Swimmers also have greater than average chest capacity. The type has a deep broad chest, broad shoulders, narrow hips and straight rather than bony legs. There is often a tendency towards knock-knees.

Australian pentathletes representa-

tive and University lecturer in physiology, Forbes Curtis, is a keen sportsman as well as geographer. He wrote, concerning the build of a racing champion:

"To start with, the runner will generally strike one as being heavy for his height. The runner (other than sprinter) the pure sprinter and the great majority of champion sprinters are poles apart in physical appearance. One needs an expert knowledge to distinguish the lean, gopher-head-like runner, the tall, muscular runner, the compact, heavily-muscled weight lifter or the rounded, chunky body of the pentathlete."

The typical, record-breaking sprinter is a well-muscled man built on the little pattern, with lower legs long. Jim Owens was a perfect example of the type. Peoples of all nations have their individual physical characteristics. That is the first probable clue to the query of a nation's consistent production of champions in a specified sport. They are built for it. Environment and heredity doubtless also play important parts.

India is not noted for any special excess of green-leaved playing fields, broadways, dusty, level areas are the sports areas of the Indian youngsters. Immediately the number of these possible outdoor games is reduced. Cricket and hockey can be played and are played almost to the complete exclusion of other European sports. Hockey, less courteous than the racket game, has more players.

Many theories have been advanced for the nations' supremacy at the dashes and the jumps. Vilas, Owens, Dillier, Swell, Stanfield—where are dozens of them. Most of the theorising is extremely greek only in terms of physiology. They mention hinder protuberances and muscular elongation. Maybe they are correct, but we follow the school which em-

passes the caper's among thirty to relax naturally. He writes now of his work.

Surly the hereditiy factor can also be applied to the dark man. None can deny that it is really not so long since he tried the jungle trials of the native Africa. In those days his life often depended upon his agility and speed. He has adhered the fine body build of his ancestors.

His invasion of the boating field is obviously prompted by both economic and ecological reasons. If he is a success he makes a lot of dollars in a short time, and with them comes pristine and removal of the hated colour discrimination. It is one activity to which he has been openly invited. There are very few such activities in America. In the boating ring the definite the white man with much of the skin that gives him success on the shadow rock.

The reason for the success of Central Europeans in weight events, we find in their natural way of life. The German and Hungarian education systems provided for many hours of mass exercise. Strength movements were performed in teams by large groups. The individual remained static.

The natural consequence was the development of heavy muscles and great strength at the expense of agility. Hence spiders and scorpions are not expected from these countries, but their representatives come in the form when the task is to handle heavy portions of heavy metal.

The Japs' success in the water is largely the result of their remarkable flexibility, but the Japanese penchant for adopting and adapting the ideas of other people has paid off in the swimming pool. They started developing a national swimming style during the late Thirties. The Japanese school was evolved and

the U.S.A. were relieved of world  
racing leadership from 1918 on-  
wards.

The Negro have performed well in the hop, step and jump and broad jump events, mainly because of the surprising power of their legs. Most laudable explanation for such unexpected strength is the Japanese habit of squatting rather than sitting. It is a common posture throughout the Orient, and is also adopted by the Chinese. Allied to this蹲姿 (chun-ki) is the knee-bending stretching habit in the prevalence of bicycling in the Japanese Islands. Factors, no doubt, for the long

"Squadron" success in the distance races provides no surprise for the traveler who knows his Sweden, Norway and Finland, particularly the latter country. Nurm and Kihni, the two most famous Finns, would rather run than walk.

In fact, running to an old French custom in the absence of trains, trams and buses, your French mode of transport does his journey on more than one at a pop-dot on non-hazardous roads. Drivers and traffic are reasonably easy thoroughfares after French highways. Sparses and pavements are also common items in France. They are hunting and fishing weapons.

One American coach, Dean Cleggwell, has propounded a theory for English ability at the ends and the half-ends. He writes—

"We find that several more than physical racial characteristics have played an important part in the British success. Middle distance running, as the name suggests requires neither the natural speed of the sprinter nor the inherent staying power of the long distance runner.

"Because no natural physical qualifications are needed other than a sound body, it is a branch of recreation in which practically everyone should prove proficient. Consequently the

those who need do so, not because of physical reason, but because they are equipped with greater determination and doggedness than their opponents.

"The Englishman has shown these qualities in his political theory, and the same characteristics have been built into British Empire made John Hall's task hard to bear in evading that put a premium on strong self-interpretation."

Italy's and France's sharing of the open and fed breeding houses was nobody's. The weapons are part of the tradition of both countries. They

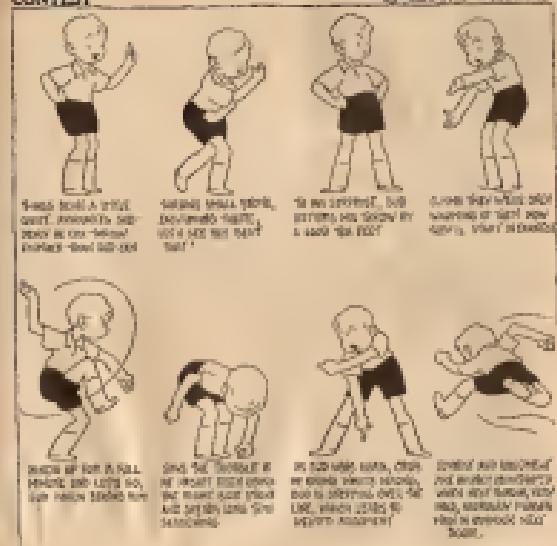
were developed there, and their thriving and growing has made many of Italian and French history

Hungary's success with the other countries from a similar circumstances. The heavier dosing active in a Hungarian weapon, and its proper manipulation for destruction has been an important subject of Hungarian military training.

If the subes not noted the physical stability of their tensions, the military force has most severely would have substituted surface methods.

## CONTENTS

#### By country of residence





# CONSCIENCE was the KILLER

Accustomed with a killing mood his conscience desired to shoot himself.

THIS man who rode down the lanes at Mincemeat, made open to Mexican bulletin, was obviously fearless. Urging his troops on, he was an inviting target for the enemy—while men around him fell, he stayed alive, brazenly challenging Death. So at last threw up his arms in a hopeless, frustrated gesture.

"God, don't see bullet hit me!" he exclaimed passionately.

And then these men knew that this man did know fear... not the sudden-awaked fear of dying, but the haunting, haunting fear of living. The welcoming hand he held towards Heaven had been brained aside.

He must have been an unhappy man, although on the face of it he had no reason for gloom—except, perhaps, for the man he had killed in death. But even in his youth, before his first vicious bullet had taken a man's life, he was unpredictable and depressed.

The man was Alexander McClellan, born in the State of Kentucky, where he should follow his great hobby without suffering legal retribu-

tion that should follow a killing. Possessing all the attributes of soldier, he was tall, handsome, dignified and intellectual. He might, in other days, have become a Round Table knight. Perhaps that was the way he pictured himself, for it is fact that the majority of the dark thoughts were inspired by the wish to avenge a slight to a lady.

Yet, as often as not, the slight had passed unnoticed by the lady and those around her—but, in fact, not been noticed by the men who would later die at McClellan's hand.

In spite of his distorted sense of chivalry, the man was no sentimentalist. In his whole life he did not know a solitary love affair.

Strangely, in his dueling career, he was never—technically—the aggressor. It was his habit to provoke the others until, filled with rage or conscious of his method, the man chosen for death struck the challenge.

There was reason in this as the challenged, McClellan had scores of weapons, and in the use of the pistol he was unapproached. He was hit only once—during his first duel in 1828, when he was but 17 years of age.

A year later, he killed a man named Marshall, a close relation of his mother. The smell of blood was in his nostrils and the urge to kill was in his heart. So, garrisonedly, he chose to maintain a feud with seven members of the same Mississippi family—all of them established pistol shots and officers of the Vicksburg Rifles.

The first victim of this family was John Marshall—a laughing young man who in spite of his youth was no novice at dueling. Indeed, Marshall and his party arrived at the ground in the same spirit in they would have attended a hunt. They knew little of McClellan except that he was from Kentucky, was extremely popular

with the ladies and that even those less clever to him often watched him with strained, halffrightened eyes.

Marshall had only a vague idea why he had called McClellan out. The evening before, the Kentuckian had said his conscience and, chose without knowing it, the other had ended by an agreement that there should be pistols—and coffee—for two or three hours. The drinking of coffee was an avowal McClellan made, for he knew that one man would drink it.

McClellan arrived supremely confident, and with the parchment over, the men stepped out the passes. Marshall turned, and in the right moved before he fired, could have noticed that McClellan was still drawing on his pipe.

The shot from John Marshall missed McClellan, throwing aside his pipe, walked slowly towards him, raised his pistol at short range and fired. The spectators, silent, saw McClellan look at the dead man reverently, walk over to his sword, and accept his cup of coffee.

Franklyn, chief of the Meadeans, attempted to draw McClellan into another duel on the spot. The Kentuckian, however, acted strictly to dueling etiquette and invited that Franklin's second, strange details with his own men. Then, coolly pulling at his pipe, he declared his intention of wiping out the Marshall family.

McClellan got drunk... completely, mortally drunk... that night. He sat alone, smoking only to soothe his drink. He had shot as he lifted his glass, so that the Meadeans' audience gained hope for the following day's outcome. McClellan continued to drink till dawn, yet the hand, as it lifted his pistol, was steady, and his aim was true.

Franklyn Marshall died with a bullet between his eyes.

That night, another died, and the following morning another. Another died. Within a week, the whole family had been wiped out.

But seven quick deaths did not satisfy McClellan's distorted sense of honor. At a State ball at Mississippi's capital one night, a young man persistently assailed a lady belonging to a distinguished family. Before McClellan could act, another guest named Abner—later to become State Governor—pushed the offender from the room.

For no other reason than that he had been thwarted in his well-espoused mission to avenge the honor of Mississippi fair and square, McClellan immediately attempted to provoke challenges from Abner. Like another rampant American general whose Rodriguez Litter took offense, Abner lost his temper and, probably, his life.

A few months later McClellan, now obviously, decided on retribution at a dance hall. A man, well and prettily dressed in dashing attire, he was somewhat put out when a youth named Allen walked on to the grand reserved for the principals. He rebuked the youth sharply, and the latter responded with some heat.

It was a strong, almost implausible, allegation in those brief ramblings of words that McClellan did not attempt to follow up the quarrel. Allen, however, was of a different mettle and soon enough he attacked the Rodriguez in a manner which, with any other man, would have brought immediate and fatal consequences.

It was as though McClellan had continued in the night, highly-strung with his Nemesis. Finally, Allen forced the duel by slapping McClellan on the face.

The Rodriguez had strange tastes, perhaps at all points a distance that

made a duel seem impudent and a hit seem unlikely.

Allen fired first and, of course, missed. McClellan had not even lifted his pistol, but the other continued to walk towards him, intent on a second shot.

McClellan's usually invincible temper took on an indescribable mien. Then, he shot Allen dead.

The one duel he had tried to avoid hung heavily on his conscience. After early attempts to explain the circumstances and his regret at being forced into the duel, he never spoke of Allen again.

A few months later, he tried to force himself on his commanding officer—a man known in history as Jefferson Davis. Davis, then leading his troops in the war against Mexico, stubbornly refused to issue a challenge or to be provoked into dueling. McClellan, drinking heavily now, threw out his challenge to Mexican battles and his plan to Destiny.

"God, won't one bullet hit me?"

Know did—then. He fought other duels, and invariably drank coffee alone. He grew more and more depressed, more and more ready to take offense, and to see slight offense where none was meant. To ladies, he maintained his great courtesy; to friends he was considerate and kind.

But . . . after the Allen duel, he had kept few of his friends.

Then, one day in an hotel room, he poured a glass of water on the floor. That was to ensure that when his blood flowed, it would not run towards his clothes.

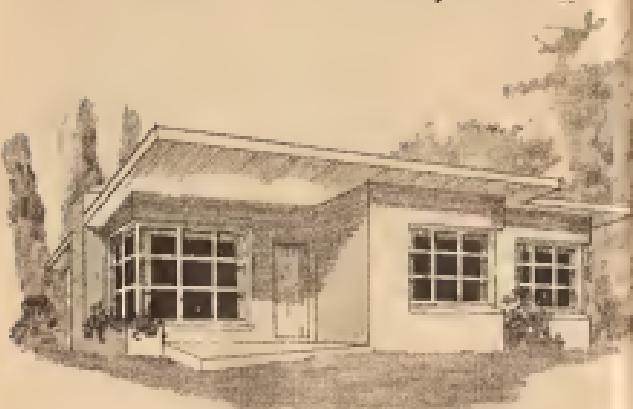
He ordered coffee for two—but he knew that he would not be the hand that filled a cup.

McClellan reached for the drafting pistol that had taken its lives. He lifted it to his head and blew out his brains.



"If you're dressed to go out, is an L."

# Where space is a problem



There is always a keen demand for small house plans of the two bedroom size.

CAVALCADE suggests the accompanying plan in which there is a minimum of floor space and not one square inch has been wasted.

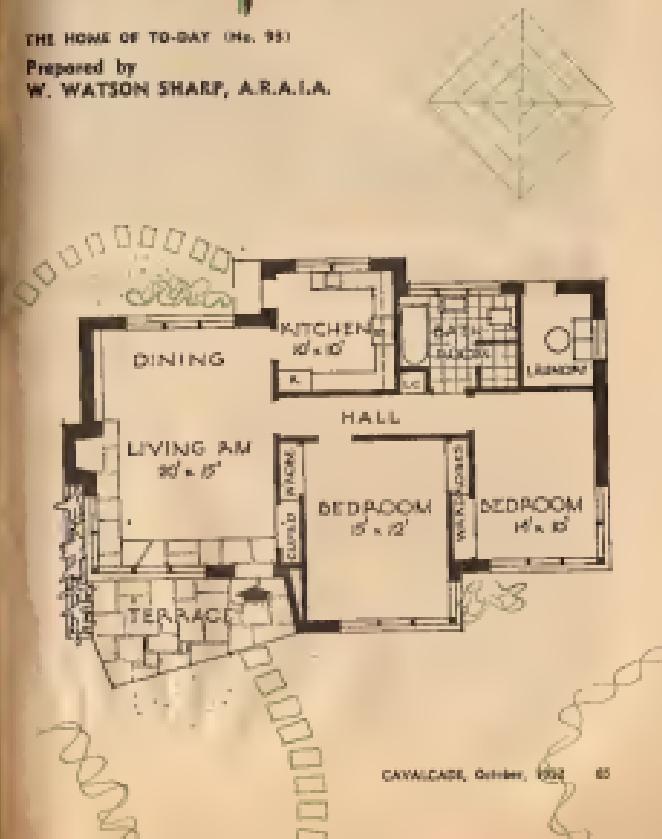
Entrance is across a flagged, hooded terrace which gives protection to the front door. One large living room serves for both lounge and dining room with direct access from the dinner room end to the kitchen.

The two bedrooms are planned to enjoy the outlook and are both convenient to the modern bathroom. A sufficiency of built-in cupboards and wardrobes is a feature of this layout.

The minimum width of land necessary to accommodate this house is 32 ft. or 40 ft. if it is turned sideways. The overall area is 1,100 square feet.

THE HOME OF TO-DAY No. 930

Prepared by  
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.





# Skeleton Queen

For his queen and Pedro chose the only woman he had ever loved—although she had been entombed in her grave for years.

IT was a festive procession—that day in 1433, when the new King of Portugal made a skeleton his Queen.

Along the 16-mile route, from the small city of Coimbra to Lisbon, Portugal's capital, thousands of people—men stood shoulder to shoulder in two solid lines on opposite sides of the dusty road.

Slowly, in other silences—since all had been forbidden to speak under penalty of death—the massive procession moved along the burning lane. In it were the mighty of Portugal—kings, queens, nobles, ladies of honor—every one clad in gaily ceremonial costumes.

For this, in the tortured, distorted mind of the King who had con-

ceived it, was a day of celebration—the coronation of a Queen he refused to admit was dead.

High above the masses, uplifted on a dais surmounted on the shoulders of a score of slaves, seated on an ornate throne, was the skeleton of the dead woman.

The skeleton was clad in crimson robes that glittered with pearls. Only the hands, spindly column, and skull were visible. The hands lay rigidly—glistening with pearls—as the curved and arched arms of the good Queen. Her skull, magnificently castled for the occasion, lay a wealth of fine, golden hair that was still gloriously beautiful despite the years in the damp earth.

Entwining Lisbon, the procession pro-

ceeded through the main streets of the city, to give the populace a glimpse of their new Queen.

Slowly the procession approached the Cathedral, entered through the wide-open doors. There, with the full pomp and ceremony of the Church, the skeleton was crowned Queen Dowager of Portugal.

Following the ceremony, all persons of sufficient rank to merit the honor passed before "Queen Isabella" in single file. In turn, they knelt and kissed the cushion and jeweled head.

Through the skeleton, following the Coronation, was placed in a magnificent monstrance in the royal abbey of Alcobaça—place of the ruling house of Portugal—it was the only concession the new King made to reality.

Each day he visited the tomb. The King talked to the skeleton as though it were alive, listened attentively, and nodded or shook his head from time to time. He made no display of impatience without first consulting his dead Queen.

Throughout the remainder of his life, the new King never remarried. He was faithful to Queen Isabella, visiting her each day and continuing to listen upon her every breath for a living queen. At his death, he was buried as he had been crowned, at her feet.

There is no stronger or gayer love story than the tragic romance of Queen Isabella Pedro of Portugal, and Juan de Castro, his "beautiful one." Though unusual, it is one of the world's greatest romances.

In 1401, Alfonso the Proud ruled as King of Portugal. To further cement his alliance, in that year he married his 15-year-old son Pedro to Fernanda Constantia of Aragon. Further over an eye upon the other would Constantia, with her train of

servants and ladies of honor, arrived in Lisbon for the royal wedding.

One of Constantia's noble ladies was her own cousin, Isabella de Castro, daughter of a rich and powerful family. Isabella was a girl of great beauty, with long, golden hair, eyes of deepest amethyst, a perfect complexion, and a slim, graceful figure. Isabella was far more beautiful than Constantia, and Pedro was hard to fail in love with her—and she with him. Both both of high royal birth, they refused to be undivided to Constantia, but contented themselves with a place, a touch of the hands, a word of tenderness. Nevertheless, they failed to hide their infatuation for each other. With a woman's intuition, Constantia soon realized that Pedro and Isabella were in love, and she urged them unsuccessfully.

King Alfonso also noticed the state of affairs. When Constantia became pregnant, he thought of a strategem that would effectively prevent Isabella from ever giving way to her passion for Pedro.

That was to get Isabella to consent to marry as substitute to Constantia's expected child. If Isabella would only do this, religious and matrimonial scruples would bar her from preventing the birth of her own godchild to make Isabella her. The King asked Isabella if she would be godmother to Constantia's first-born, and the "beautiful one" acquiesced.

Then fate completely changed the situation. Constantia died in giving birth to a son, Ferdinand, who would ultimately mount the throne, after the death of Pedro, provided that Pedro himself lived to be King. Insofar as the Church was concerned, Pedro was now free to marry his beloved Isabella.

Pedro knew that King Alfonso would oppose any marriage to Isabella, since the King wanted a wife with

**THE** famous mines of Cerro, high in the Andes on the border of Chile and Argentina, nearly precipitated an open conflict between the two countries when it was first created. The Chileans were afraid that, as it stood, the German's back was toward them. Possible serious consequences were averted by a quick-witted Santiago newspaper editor. The reason, he announced, was undoubtedly that the Argentines needed more watchmen over

times his visits were of only a few hours, and many of the visits were clandestine, in order to avoid endangering his father.

Isabella Pedro's son and a daughter. Gradually the rumor spread that she and Pedro were not living in adultery, but were actually married. In the meantime a new King had succeeded the three of Castile—a man who by a curious coincidence was named Pedro—Pedro the Cruel. Perished refugees from Castile began returning into Portugal, among them several brothers of Isabella & Cerro.

These exiles charmed Alfonso Court plotters who had to the best of Cerro's plotting to kill Ferdinand, the new Conqueror had been Pedro, in order that one of these brothers might ultimately rule as King of Portugal.

The King's spies convinced him that Isabella had left her son on the way, the threat of the Castilian to Ferdinand's life would be removed, with Pedro—deprived of the woman with whom he was so deeply infatuated—might very likely agree to a marriage of the King's choice.

According to a chronicler of the time, Fernand Lopez, Alfonso hesitated for a long time. Finally, on a day when he knew that Pedro would not be at Court, he rode to the castle with the three principal plotters.

He was in the garden when they arrived. He knew without being told why they had come.

One Alfonso, at the sight of the "handsome man," was struck with an acute attack of conscience. He refused to give the command for the assassination, but begged plaudit clandestinely with Isabella's children. "After a long interval he mounted his horse and took away without saying any order to the three nobles," Lopez narrates.

With Isabella out of sight, however, he changed his mind. Whether or not the nobles started with him, history does not record. But, in any event, the three nobles were returned to the castle. The King was not with them that time.

"Isabella was in the garden when they returned," the chronicler relates. "She had thought that the danger was gone when the sound of the King's approach did away . . . At the sound . . . the heard the beat of the horse's hoofs. But the horses were not Pedro's . . ."

There beside the fountain of Love Pedro had built for her, the three nobles assassinated her son to death with clubs.

After the murder of his beloved, Pedro's character completely changed. He started a rebellion against his father, and eventually had won the叛乱, destroying villages and cities and slaughtering inhabitants.

History was to record him as "Pedro the Cruel."

Finally, at the pleading of his mother, he agreed to allow the rebellion if the three assassins were banished to Castile. When his father agreed, he returned to Lisbon, where he plunged into a life of dissolute party. When he began to interest her in a girl, he readily seduced her and coldly cast her aside. To further insult his father, he took a beautiful mistress, a Galician girl named Theresa Lawrence. He refused to even think of casting her.

Then the King died, and Pedro became King Pedro I of Portugal. Now he was able to put into effect his great scheme of vengeance.

First, he ordered the magnificient coronation to take. While he was awaiting its completion, he negotiated

a treaty with Pedro the Cruel, through which the assassin of Isabella was returned to Lisbon for punishment. Both, however, one of the three managed to escape and flee into Italy, but the other two were executed. The torture too, according to Isabella, while Pedro looked on, swelling in his revenge.

As the weeks went by, Pedro's suspicion that Isabella had been more apparent. He grew up at his mistress. "She turned me evil," writes Lopez, "was never at

Just when it was that Pedro's obsession at last reached the stage that he concluded Isabella was not dead, even psychiatry could not tell us. Perhaps it was a slow progression, one could say. But, at any rate, Pedro finally concluded that the body he had embraced, dressed in crimson robes and brought to Lisbon for coronation.

No nation ever had a stronger ruler than the Isabella of Isabella. Even though Pedro's love was the love of a madman, the story of that magnificent obsession stretches the horizons to few other tales of romance in the whole history of humanity have done.

There is a brief sequel to the tale. For over many years, the tomb of Pedro and Isabella remained undisturbed. Then, in 1599, it was broken open by pillaging French soldiers.

The two skeletons were intact, lying fast-together in the marble sarcophagi. And when the French soldiers opened the casket of Isabella, they paused for an instant reverently.

For even they could not but know that before them lay the bones of a woman who had once been beautiful. On the skull of Isabella de Castro—barely harmed by the passage of centuries—still gleamed a wreath of glistening, golden hair.

more influential connections than the de Castro for his last apparent. He knew that if he married her, the King would make life miserable for her, perhaps even have her assassinated in order to free her son for a marriage more in accordance with royal policy.

They waited but one additional day to marry her in secret,怕 that they were not married, and evade any efforts of the King to marry her to her, perhaps even have her assassinated in order to free her son for a marriage more in accordance with royal policy.

They waited but one additional day to marry her in secret,怕 that they were not married, and evade any efforts of the King to marry her to her, perhaps even have her assassinated in order to free her son for a marriage more in accordance with royal policy.



1. Recipe for Hectic Males: money faster than your wife can spend it. 2. Test Topic: Horse sense is something that prevents a horse from biting its tail. 3. A modern girl: their sex, never garments a man—and neither does a swimming person a man. 4. Domestic Suttlage: Give a husband enough rope and hell ship. 5. Which naturally leads us to add that your husband doesn't criticism your wove' clothes too freely—they just make allowances for them. 6. Longest word in the English language is the one that comes after the phrase "And now a word from our sponsor." 7. Musical Moment: Puckrucker is like syncretism—an erratic movement from lie to lie. 8. Which reminds us that a man's lover is a fellow who, upon becoming a superior in the bathroom, puts his ear to the holehead. 9. Have you met the folk who say they've dropped in for a visit, but really mean they've called in for a drop? 10. Men Holy-Doodah: To a man the ideal wife is the one who thinks she has an ideal husband. 11. Children: Dumbstruck. A box is a solid that sends flowers. 12. Overhead: "Why did Doty tell her new baby 'Encore'?"—"Because it wasn't as the progressus." 13. Few girls these days bother about sewing—but they are still excellent wheelie women. 14. Mother to Wolves: She who beauties is won. 15. Working for Wartime: The work is changed with a lot of things that should be blamed on a lark. 16. Matrimonial Meditations: Every time I argue with my wife, words fail me. 17. Conversation Piece: When men talk about women it is generally figuratively speaking. 18. Badguy: is the kind of person who looks at a sunrise and thinks of Pissou. 19. Correction: There are no silly reasons—reasons are always here. 20. Which reminds us that although it takes two to make a marriage, only one gets it. 21. How you heard about the two disappointed tailspinners—they went in a dozen and found it was only a math ball. 22. Few mothers worry about what their daughters know—in only how they found it out. 23. Voices of Experience: No man should tell his friends any more than he wants his wife to know from them. 24. Painting Fodder: Some women take the plumbing needles to hurt. 25. Number Eighteen: A man has insomnia when he can't sleep when it's time to get up. 26. Which leads us naturally to observe that the one most concerned about having his chickens come home is most is probably the rooster.

OUR REPORT STORY: A Chicago dead male was recently reported to be seeking a divorce from her dead male husband because he used obscenities in language with her. "He used language I never saw before," she complained.



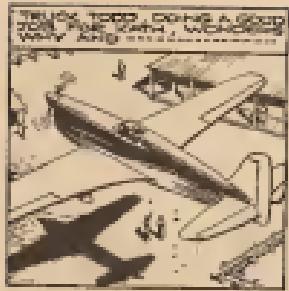
WHITING: WHEAT THROWN TO THE WHEAT FARMER BY THE WHEAT FARMERS' UNION IS A BOMBARDMENT ON THE WHEAT FARMERS WHICH HAS BEEN DESIGNED TO DESTROY THEM, THAN DESTROY WHEAT.

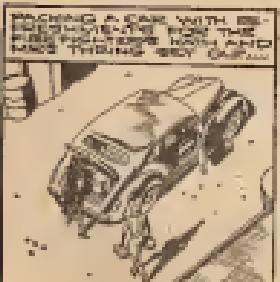


WHITING: LAUGHING ENTHUSIASTICALLY, WHITING HAD SUGGESTED PRODUCING HIS THREE-PIECE COAT BACK ON HIS WHEAT COAT.











TELLING EXPLAINS THAT THE  
PROBLEMS ARE TOO  
COMPLICATED FOR TODAY.  
HE SAYS IT'S ONLY A SMALL  
PROBLEM, BUT HE HOPES  
WE WILL BE FUTURE COVER  
SOMEONE WHO CAN TALK



WANT TO KNOW HOW THE TWENTIETH  
CENTURY IS TAKING CARE OF  
THE EARTH? COME AND SEE.



MY PHOTOGRAPHS WILL  
SHOW WHAT HE DID  
FOR YOU. THEY WILL  
SAVE YOU A LOT OF MONEY.  
DO YOU BUY PICTURES?



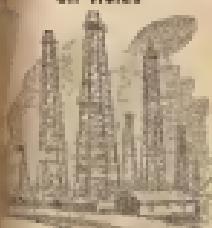
I DARE TO BUY YOU A  
GIFT, WHICH I AM  
SICK OF THE WAY YOU  
TREAT ME. I DON'T  
SEE HOW I CAN DO IT.



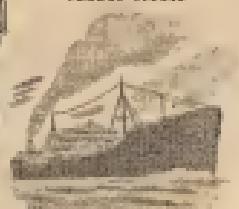
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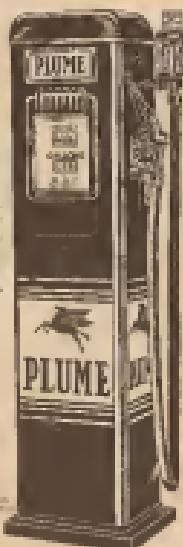


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# PLUME

—*the time of the Palaeo-Indians*

# Salute To

# Courage



WITH HIS HEART POUNDING, HIS KNEES SHAKING, HIS MOUTH DRY

JOHN D. MACDONALD ■ FICTION

HE awoke out of a sleep so deep that for many moments he did not remember that this was the day of all days of his life. When he remembered, he bounded up and ran through the small room to the door of the adobe hut.

Yellow sun, blue sky and brown baked hills. A slow, cool day and late from the height of the sun. His sister, Rosalinda, was a dot of bright Sunday colors over at the edge of

the stream that was now almost dry.

Augustin started to run toward her and then, remembering this day and remembering dignity, he slowed to a more normal pace. She looked up as he approached, and her cheeks changed as she smiled. She had 26 years, one less than he.

"Much sleep for the horses," she said. "Everyone was quiet."

"Where are Tacy, Bernardo and?"  
"They went to the church. Miss You can see them coming now."



AS THE SAND UNDERFOOT, HE AWAITED THE GIANT BULL'S CHARGE

He looked down the rutted road toward the village. His mother and father were coming slowly. At long distances he could hear his father from the king of the left leg mico which had given the horn of the great black Minas bull so many years ago in distant Spain when his father had been the famed Bankoletero who had accompanied the unusual mico, Gueco.

Augustin met his father and mother at the door to the house. It seemed that he had been given new youth as this great morning. The fear that came from his mother was like a dark wave. She did not speak of it, but it was on her face, deep in her eyes. In his father there was a dif-

ferent way they showed abruptly and became oddly shy. Neither Augustin had been a favorite one with whom they could soap and play. To-day all had changed. To-day Augustin Galvez would enter the bull ring at Gueco.

Augustin met his father and mother at the door to the house. It seemed that he had been given new youth as this great morning. The fear that came from his mother was like a dark wave. She did not speak of it, but it was on her face, deep in her eyes. In his father there was a dif-

forest sort of fear, mingled with pride for his tall son.

The father turned to the children and said, "Leave us." The children went away. His father,尹akes shorter than Augusto, stood and placed his hands firmly on the shoulders of his tall son. "It has been many years, eh?"

"Yes, father."

"Perhaps it is all a mistake on my part. To have a son do what I could not do. I had a certain skill with the handweaver as many. My son, you have taught well the calves at the textures. You have given. I do not know if you have enough. I have taught you how to know the bulls, how to watch for their faults and virtues. But knowledge is nothing without courage. Today we will learn."

"If I have but half of yours..."

"Do not think of me. Do not think of all the power of the village which have gone into your son of Little Town; of nothing but that moment of great darkness when you step away from the wall and make the sand and it is you and the black bear. Pride will not substitute for courage."

"I cannot speak with you again, Augusto. Down there in the city, it will be all confusion, many people." His voice broke. He embraced Augusto quickly, pressed him back.

"Go now to Mass with Rosendo; I shall meet you at the bus, with everything we shall need. Remember not to eat. Should you be wounded, it will make more difficult the work of the medicine."

During Mass he prayed for courage. Afterwards, at the bus, he found his father in the crowd. Only his father and Rosendo were standing. The mother was staying with the small children. It was a special bus that the bus company had pro-

vided for this occasion, a large one, though quite old. Even so, it was packed full with all those from Rio who were coming to watch the fight, who had given their pesos for the needed things his father carried in the large bundle, who told that the pride and honor of their village rode on his son's strong shoulders.

His father sat beside him, near the seat, the bag package on his lap, and waiting to trust it to the paved rock.

Eleven miles passed all too quickly and then they were rolling down into Ocosse. It was by then eleven o'clock, five long hours until the beginning of the combat of fear.

Everyone piled off the bus and gathered in a shooting, gesticulating crowd around Augusto and his father. Here, in the city, it was highly necessary to make more noise, to show that the city could not annihilate the men of Rio.

The impatience is then nervous now, passed through the crowd and said, "Oliver! Oliver! This way, please. To my car."

He and his father were led over to a big, somewhat shabby, black sedan, leaving their friends behind. The people of the village of Rio would sit in a solid group on the sun side of the ring.

Senior Peralta started up with a great clashing of gears, taking off the while. "Today will be the best day of the season. We go now to my house where you will wait and then dress for the ring. Oliver. There is great enthusiasm. They wait to see what Peralta will do after his great triumph of last week. These afternoon in the ring as a boxer, a swordsman, and already he has a following. And Oliver, those of us who remember the great record of your father expect much from you. Much. The third one, Vizcaino, is of no account. Truly a clever, simple,

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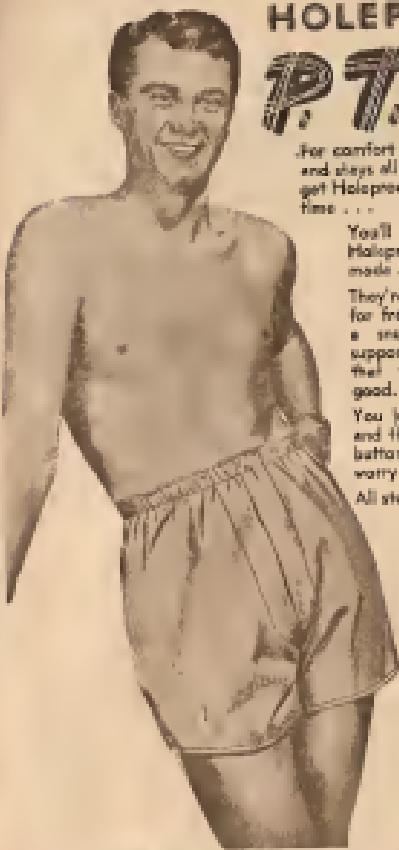
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The Master of Pastoral was on a narrow cobblestone street. Friends of Petrol were leaving. Pastoral sat here and there, placing them out, his son across another bar. Augustus was introduced to Petrol, a chunky young man of nineteen with a bold somewhat puffy face, great heavy words.

Petrol was shown to a small cool darkened room where there was a bed. His father left for the place to inspect the tools. Augustus lay on the darkness, his right hand resting on his deep forehead.

He tried to sleep but he knew that it was impossible. All that he could do was to keep careful watch on the long strokes of the legs, releasing them each time they threatened to tighten up.

After an hour his father came in, sat on the bed and wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He smiled at Augustus.

"It is nearly ten. I can help you dress now, if you wish."

The suit of lights was heavy, of an aged colour, embossed with gold. It would have been a much cheaper quality had not, at the last moment, with old Master Valdes y Moreno decided to donate. The black stripes, the epaulettes, were of a tightness and texture that made the hair feel like feathers. His father held the end of the deep red and white Augustus upon his knee, holding it tightly. His father fastened the traditional pinches to the back of his son's shiny dark head, placed the black bulldog's cap, the moustache, at the right angle, then masterly un-wrapped the ancient deep cap and gave it to his son.



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At that moment Pernicci came in. "It is time though, you are ready?" He rocked his hand on one side. "Molto, Gente!" He turned to the door, turned and said "We will leave in twenty minutes for the plaza."

It was then twenty minutes of three. Soon the three revolutionaries were in the back seat of the shabby sedan. Pernicci drove slowly through the streets. Children ran beside the car.

Then all was confusion. There was a time of waiting in the rooms of the theater between the Capella, the "balladaires" small shop, and the ordinary, where two doctors laid out their emergency instruments.

After Augusto came out of the Capella, he could hear the death-throated murmur of the crowd and suddenly the heavy hand hooks into "Esposa Cato." Augusto felt weak and sick, and the names did not sit, but as it always had in the past when he had watched the great men at the big Plaza Mayor far to the north.

Auraria was surprised to find himself walking in the waiting procession of the balladaires without even having to think. The rooms and the crowd were a mass confusion.

Behind them marched the banderilleros, the picadores, the banderilleros and lastly the arrancadores, standing with their wheelbarrows and tools.

One by one they were introduced. He was the last to be introduced. Vassallo got a specimen of apoplexy. Pernicci received a great wedge-shaped nose. Augusto's father helped out and continued to Augusto. They stood side by side and the ovation was long and loud.

Then everyone was out of the ring. After the sound of the trumpet there was a curious silence. The gate of the door of the bulls was wide. The crowd stood old, hard and strong and the

last, moving the head with a cat's quiescence. The members of the charilla were here, flanking the working capas, digging back through the reverent extensions of the banderilleros as the hull raised by, crating, sniffing, the great muscles of the black hump swelling with rage.

As they lowered the arena, the banderilleros with the working capas out and into the ring, trudging the paper in the sand, mapping the hull in short polishing lines.

Then Vassallo stepped out. His capas were fluid, but he worked at a very slow distance from the hull. One pass elicited a few double cries of "Olé." The rest elicited half-hearted whistles of derision. Had it been a truly good bull, the whistles would have been much louder. But the crowd was uncertain in its charges.

When the picadores came out on the padded horses, the hull charged hard and well, but backed away quickly as he felt the pic. He was a banderillero manager — not brave enough to be saved, yet not cowardly enough to be sent out.

The fight moved into the third stage. Vassallo dislodged his last, threw his hat up to the person to whom he had dedicated it, and went out with the sword and the mauls for the final portion of the fight called the festejo, which provides the kill.

It was a miserable festejo, combining in tragic terms with an unstable animal. All he could do was close the horns to left and to right with the small capa, without grace, without great desire, without any poetry. He went in close to hull and he tried to thrust the sword and run away at the same time. He killed miserably in the fifth attempt and left the ring with an enormous shrift of whistles and catcalls.



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The shrill whistling, the yell of "Mātātā! Mātātā!" told him. The bull had turned and started straight at him. He ploughed his left end this time, as the bull passed him he felt their backward dance—prolonged like hitching steps, backward out of danger.

His eyes filled with tears. The whistling grew worse—worse than anything awarded Vincent during his perfect fight.

The crowd screamed at him, cheering down and cheering. The last shared birthday, endlessly, gaily, always taking him back from the burns as the crowd charged. But suddenly raced down on him. One struck him in the middle of the back, almost throwing him forward on to the horns, and the crowd cheered a victory, "Ola!"

At the time of the fall, the bull found a new way to bring him down. He would direct them to run straight at the bull. They would run two straight steps and then veer sharply to the left, so fast as he was turned helplessly by all he could do was make a little thrust at the bull from ridiculous long range.

He could not kill the bull properly. Finally the exhausted animal backed his haunches against the barrier and stood with lowered head. He had to take the award with the spike tip and the cross-piece that indents down the tip and kill it with the neck thrust.

The bone and gore and whistling were immensely loud. The crowd had turned on him like a vulturous animal. He went to his father. His father's face was the colour of wax and the effort to smile was unusually painful.

"The next one will be better, Australia, my son."

"Dad, can I not go home? Can I not let someone take my second bull?"

The lone man looked at him for a

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long moment, then turned and sat on in the sand by the barrow. "You contracted to fight two animals. And two you will fight."

While Yannette and Perdu each sought their usual animals, Augustin tried to catch deeply inside himself and find either heart or anger. There was scarcely a moment.

It was as though he stood in a patch of shadow that no one else could see. He only glided out of his trance when the sixth bull of the afternoon charged in. He heard someone in one of the boxes above and called him say, "A beauty!" That took an instant should he wait on that—"

He went out wearily. Now the infection had crept up from the right foot. It was in his arms and his shoulders. There was no flinching. His arms felt like the painted varieties stuck on dolls. The tape would not fall into proper folds.

As the bull charged, he floated the cape out awkwardly and too high and went back in the little dancing steps. He had floated the cape too soon. The bull saw the movement of the legs and struck and snorted, changing those narrow legs, looking up at him through the cape. A great blow struck him in the chest and snorted and the place grew steadily darker, while a great shrill scream filled his ears.

And then the sand was gone and he looked up to see a squat little man running for the barrow in a long skipping jumping stride. For one long moment he did not know who it was and then he realized that it was his father who had walked running out to distract the bull. He jumped to his feet. It was impossible that his father could snaffle. Every throat in the arena was open in one long warning scream. Just as the bull dipped his head to look up into the buttocks of the man, out of the borderlines,

running in from the side, sped dexterously across, pulling a cape. It darted the bull and Augustin father went over the fence.

Augustin found that he was on his feet and running, that he had picked up the cape without remembering the act. For the man who had saved his father was now trapping himself.

Augustin sat sharply to as to enter the bull's field of vision, flapping his cape wildly, yelling, "Tord Agap, tord Rik, tord!" The bull swerved away from the man and Augustin hardly had time to grasp the cape properly. The heavy embroidered sleeve of his jacket was roused from elbow to armpit and he could feel the warm spreading sweat.

He sat his feet firmly and brought the bull by his ears in a classic turnera, the most stable of all passes with the big cape. The bull wheeled and charged again and he passed it on the other side, the cape moving as slowly that at each stage of the pass it seemed covered of slow red marble. The third time he made the pass the great chest of "Uta" was like an explosion in the place.

The bull wheeled and charged as though it were tied to a cable. Again and again and again and between the passes he talked to it, saying, "Come back, amigo. Oh, tree of heart, tree of beauty. Agap, my precious little black one. Agap, my boy!"

Each pass was like the slowest motion in his heightened reflexes. He felt the bare pass inches from his leg, and then he felt the tiny cap as the bare tip lifted embroidery from his thigh. And then, when the bull was blunted by the turn that filled his eyes, he noticed that it had reached the end of its series. He stood it in place with a rebote, turned his back to the dazed animal and stood there for several seconds, looking upward at the highest part of the place. Then



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slowly be walked away from the animal, and as his eyes closed he saw every person on the boat, and the waterfowl splashing down, heard the great roar.

At the first gurgle, he took the bull away for four successive of chancrines. The last were no longer rhythmic. Each time he plucked them, they shuddered obstinately dried. He did not take by throat the bull's belly in close to the bull after the horn had passed by. This was the first, the product, of nine long years.

After the bull had been gorged—when it showed tremendous bloat—and after the headbutts had been apathetically placed, as follows: each a creature—Augustin walked over to where his father stood behind the barrels. The bull was on the far side of the ring. He took off his hat and directed the bull to his father.

When he was 20 feet from the bull, he held the record in his right hand, the switch stick in his left, grasped by the middle. He turned his right side toward the animal, the back of his right hand across his leg, the sword projecting out behind his back and down toward the ground. He was inclined slightly from the waist. He stood with his feet together, jerked the cap over and said softly, "Come, come." The eyes of the animal moved.

He charged like a spring suddenly released. He went by within inches, turned, and charged again without pausing, and again, and again. Augustin showed any moment's thought of plucking. It had become a strange dance in which he and the bull both carefully followed their own way, like a convoluted pattern across the sand. There was a deep calmness in Augustin, and he walked that the dance would never end, that he could go through all eternity, a man and

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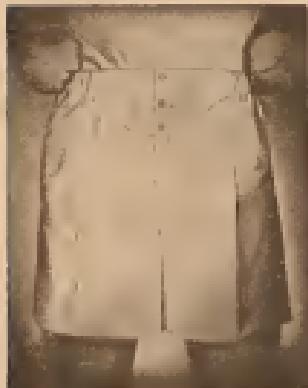
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a bear in something that was dance,  
music, sculpture—combined.

And then, too soon, the bell was  
ready for the kill. He paraded and  
spun along the sword held in his  
right hand, the snakes low in his  
left hand. He went on fast, swinging  
and the long-held snakes out to his  
right under the raised right arm. As  
the sword slipped, without resistance,  
into the tiny crevices between the  
resilient bones of the shoulders, swing  
downward to the lower hand. Augustus  
grasped his stomach in to  
protect the animal's right hand to slip  
by. The hairy shoulder knocked  
him sprawling.

As he reached his feet the bull  
charged suddenly and came toward him,  
the brain willing one last charge,  
the body struggling to obey. Augustus  
steed without movement. The  
bell toll and rolled over onto its side,  
the black marble shards from Augustus  
hit the floor.

They let him make one circuit of  
the arena, holding still the heavy toll  
and the two armed men, and then  
the crowd could restrain itself no  
longer. They screamed into the sand

and hauled him up onto willing  
shoulders and carried him around  
and around the ring and then out  
through the big gates.

Had he not suffered a torn wrist,  
they would have carried him all the  
way back to the central square of  
Ocuma.

The wound was slight. It was  
dressed and he was able to swing  
using the arm for several days.

After he had changed, they all went  
back on the tour, back to Elba.

There was a strengthen about all of  
them, about his friend Juanito, and  
his sister, Rosalinda, and even the  
grieved men, saying beside him who  
had so suddenly raised his life.

As the bell tolled Elba and the long  
evening of celebration, Augustus  
was to realize that during the second  
fight he had gone apart from them  
and he would never be able to return  
the entire distance. Even the Augustus  
of that morning was a youngster—  
a small figure and far away. It was  
the start of a journey into far wild  
places, from which there was no  
returning.

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# Talking Points

## BURIED TREASURE . . .

The Puerto Rico of Silver, about 20 miles due east of Seville, is according to popular Creolelore, the repository of a vast hoard of golden treasure. It is said, in round figures, \$1,000,000, or more, the珍宝 that ancient Silver miners and their families have buried along the coast from the old Polynesian navigators to the picked and chosen men of the sea which is West, from the galleons of Spain and the armadas of Portugal to the less, hungry crews of the galleys and blackbirders, the first slavers of Confederate blockade-runners, and the soldi, large and adorers of honest traders. Some of these men have put the treasure there. "Golden Days of Silver," on page 4, will give you the full details.

## NOTES DE NEUF . . .

Strictly speaking, that means "right now," and it's how the French refer to their night clubs. Betty Neels, recently back from a European tour, gives an exciting review of an evening in the Paris clubs de nuit on the cheap in "All For Fun," on page 12. We hope to regale you with some more of Betty's adventures in the near future.

## GHOUFLISH . . .

The love story of Crown Prince Pedro of Portugal and Inez de Castro,

"the beautiful one," is retold by Lucy Thorpe in "Seductive Queen." Marred at the order of Pedro's father, the King who founded militance on the throne, Inez was later resurrected from her grave to be crowned Queen of Portugal by Pedro's side in the most gaudy coronation in history. Since she had not been embalmed, most of her flesh had rotted away, but decomposed shrubs of muscle and cartilage still clung to the skeleton's bones in place. This was the opportunity to which Pedro ordered his agent to pay homage. Well, here Lucy Thorpe is tell you what finally happened to Pedro and his skeleton, love on page 98.

## NEXT MONTH . . .

In the *Caravelle* line-up next month we have the same sort of interested travel, up-to-the-minute reading. Damon Hill presents the go-round on a delectable little island he calls "The Wickedest Woman in Town." Bill Delany turns from sport, temporarily, to show how to pack a wonder story ("Assault of Death") with suspense, excitement and just the right measure of gore. For the rest, Lester Way delves into Hawaiian history in "Oahuwa Underworld," Lee Guardie discusses "Should the U.S.A. be Sterilized?" and Jack Murray travels to Mexico to discover "The Face of a Fiction Master."



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